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APRIL 2017

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FROM THE EDITOR

TRAVELLING is one of the things we humans do best. Had our ancestors not thought to take a vacation into North Africa and onwards I'm guessing our species would have turned out a little differently. It's easy to vegetate in our own little corners of the world, but the real fun starts when you get outside, and on the road.

Here's the thing about travel. While most of us love to kick back in resorts or get on a motorbike and throttle our way through steamy Laotian jungles, there's more to it than fun and relaxation. Travel is also an antidote to the prejudices and narrow-minded perceptions that can hold us back in life. That's why it's so valuable. And that's why, now more than ever, we should be out there exploring the world, making connections and tearing down the political walls that divide us. Let the foreign become familiar and the weird become wonderful. Learn.

But if you don't have the money for an around the world plane ticket, that's all good. We've got you more than covered in this month's Travel Issue of *PENTHOUSE*. On the itinerary for this trip we've got fetish island vacations, a chat with an ex-hitman from Detroit (yes, he used to kill people) and a wingsuit pilot who jumps off mountains for a living. In High Life, we're taking you to Hawaii to experience the food, meet some locals and get the 'aloha' lowdown.

We were even chased by the Chinese Coast Guard so we could bring you this month's Report. We're that committed. You'll find all that and heaps more inside these pages. Come get some.

NA

NATHAN HARMOND

Editor



Cover Photography: Lorenzo Botero



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IN FOCUS



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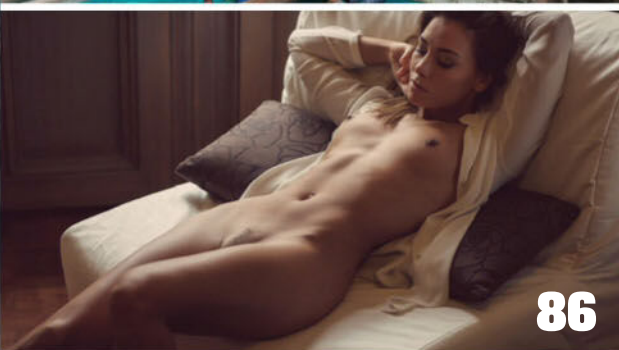
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PENTHOUSE

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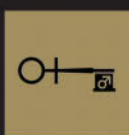
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Street artist extraordinaire Nychos

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DEBRIEF

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A Canadian man goes toe to toe with a cougar in an epic fight



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WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

WELCOME TO COUGAR TOWN

EVERYBODY loves cougars, don't they? Sexy, middle-aged women, wrapped in tight-fitting animal print dresses – we don't imagine many guys complaining about that.

But when we're talking about actual cougars – as in the badass big cat – apparently there isn't so much love, as one Canadian man from Red Deer, Alberta demonstrated recently.

William Gibb, 31, was inside a Tim Hortons (it's like the Canadian Dunkin' Donuts) in Whitecourt, Central Alberta during a 600-kilometre trip to Grand Prairie, when he heard his Husky whimpering from outside the eatery.

He ran out to check out the situation and was immediately confronted by a fully grown cougar wrapped around his dog. So what does any red-blooded, truck-driving, flannel-shirt-wearing Canadian man do? He checks his balls to make sure they're still made of cast-iron and sucker punches that bastard right in the face.

While many men might hesitate for a second or even get help, Gibb's immediate reaction was just stupidly awesome.

"I could see something wrapped around her and wasn't sure what it was. I ran over and punched it in what I thought was the head, and it backed off, and I realised it was a cougar," he said.

After the cougar retreated, obviously acknowledging that even a mountain lion is no match for one crazy Canadian guy who really likes his dog, Gibb continued to charge it, shouting loudly while trying to attract the attention of his friend and brother at the same time.

The cougar took a couple of obligatory swipes, probably just trying to save face before the cops arrived on the scene. Unfortunately for the big cat, after consultation with local wildlife authorities, the police shot it dead because of the risk it posed to humans and pets. This is why you never mess with a man's car or his dog. Doubly so if they're Canadian.

WI-FI JAMMER INSTEAD OF THE SLAMMER



A SENIOR police official in England proposed that juvenile delinquents charged with cyber crime be fitted with a wi-fi jammer around their wrists or ankles rather than be sent to prison.

Chief Superintendent Gavin Thomas, believes the plan will save money and be more effective than traditional sentencing in deterring criminal behaviour in young people.

Apart from being expensive, he argues current punishments have

failed to keep up with technological progress. "We have to stop using 19th-century punishments to deal with 21st-century crimes," he told the UK's *Daily Telegraph*.

"If you have a 16-year-old who has hacked into your account and stolen your identity, this is a 21st-century crime, so we ought to have a 21st-century methodology to address it."

We agree: imagine how a teen would feel if they knew online misdeeds

would result in exile from texting, Facebook, Snapchat and Instagram. These are internet users who would rather be sentenced to hard labour in Siberia – as long as they could post their status every other minute.

It sounds like a great idea, but we would suggest the punishment also extends to people who write stupid comments on YouTube videos and dudes who take selfies with Snapchat's dog filter.

HARD TO STOMACH

WHEN IT comes to fucked-up medical stories – like some next-level-shit type of crazy – a few parts of the world seem to have a leg up on others. Asia sometimes falls into that basket. We're not saying that doctors over there don't know what they're doing, or that it would be safer to wrestle with a rabid dog on a Vietnamese street than go to one of their hospitals, but it's hard to ignore the seemingly never-ending stream of medical horror stories that come out of the region.

In this instance, a 54-year-old Vietnamese man unknowingly carried surgical forceps in his stomach for 18 years after they were left there by a doctor during an operation.

Nhat, who apparently only felt occasional pain from the 15-centimetre instrument lodged in his bowels, had been taking stomach ulcer medicine for the mystery ailment before an X-ray showed that some genius had left forceps in his abdomen.

You don't have to be Doogie Howser to get this right – count the number of forceps present before surgery. Now, the procedure is over – count again – *are there any forceps missing?*

This is only one incident in a sea of hilariously fucked-up medical errors which apparently aren't uncommon in Vietnam. For example, over the past year, Vietnamese doctors have operated on wrong limbs twice and diagnosed three men as pregnant.

So if you're on holidays in Vietnam, enjoy yourself – just stay healthy.



MINH CHIEN/AFP

A BLOW FOR NO

THE ITALIAN actress who promised to provide blow jobs to everyone who voted "No" in her country's recent referendum is apparently sticking to her guns and has already begun a tour of the nation.

Stating that she is a "woman of her word", Paola Saulino, 27, announced tour dates in 10 cities in Italy, urging people to fill out a booking form if they voted no.

After checking Saulino's Instagram page, we really want to believe this is true. It features a number of provocative images of the glamour model, that if you haven't seen already, we strongly advise you check out.

Whether or not this is a publicity stunt is still up for debate. Obviously, there are plenty of people claiming that the "Pompa tour" (*pompa* is an Italian word for oral sex), is too good to be true. Many of her followers on Instagram are demanding that she post evidence, while others have come to her defence, writing that she wasn't permitting anyone to share photos online.

We're going to call bullshit on this one. But we admire her dedication to her country and firm grasp of the male psychology.

Saulino announced the tour back in December 2016. The first dates are in Rome, and the end of the queue is in Norway.



PHOTO: ISTOCK / FANGXIANUO PHOTO: PAOLA SAULINO

OUR ELROND WHO ART IN HEAVEN

A BRAZILIAN grandmother has mistakenly been praying for years to a miniature figure of Elrond from *Lord of the Rings*.

Apparently she thought the small elfin figurine was “Saint Anthony”, the patron saint of the poor, when in fact it was Elrond, the half-elf, half-human Lord of Rivendell, played by Hugo Weaving in the Peter Jackson-directed films.

When her granddaughter Gabriela Brandao realised the mistake, she immediately did what anyone else in the situation would do – published photos of the 7.6-centimetre model on Facebook along with the caption: “Funniest discovery of 2016.”

Ms Brandao told her grandmother about the mistake but encountered some resistance.

“We tried to explain right away but she didn’t understand at first,” Ms Brandao told *Buzzfeed*.

“The next day we explained again, and she understood, and we got her a new figure of Saint Anthony.”

Elrond is described by J. R. R. Tolkien as “noble and fair as an elf-lord, as strong as a warrior, as wise as a wizard, as venerable as a king of dwarves, and as kind as summer.”



ALIENS LEND A HAND

THIS YEAR has already been a busy one for “researchers” dedicated to finding extraterrestrial life after a number of UFO sightings were reported across the globe, and a large alien “claw” was uncovered near Machu Pichu in Peru.

Just to be clear, by researchers we don’t mean the white lab-coat-wearing, scientifically trained folks who work for well-known institutions like NASA. No, we’re talking about the tinfoil hat-wearing, basement dwelling, David Icke variety of researcher. The kind of researcher they drag out for every History Channel special on Ancient Aliens.

Not to say they’re wrong – we hope they’re right. And besides, we don’t give a damn what a bunch of boring poindexters who spend half their lives in labs have to say about aliens. We want to believe. And maybe now, with the discovery of a strange looking alien claw, we might have evidence.

The claw, which has three 20-centimetre long fingers, was uncovered by “paranormal researchers” who reportedly found it in tunnels near the ancient city of Cuzco. A group of unnamed experts conducted tests on the hand and found that each finger contained six bones. Human hands have five.

Further tests involving X-rays and other sciencey sounding things were conducted by the “research team”, who confirmed that the claw was made of genuine biological material.

None of this is confirmed by any recognised scientists, no major news source is seriously reporting on this discovery and most of these findings end up being bullshit. But don’t let that stop you from strapping on a tin-foil hat. This could be the one.

Later this year, the specimen will go to the United States for DNA testing which will confirm its origins. Is it an Ancient Alien or just a really weird animal foot? The truth is out there.



HOW MUCH HAVE YOU HAD TO DRINK?

THE CONSUMER Electronics Show (CES) in Las Vegas is the best place for tech companies to show off their new gadgets to the tech-hungry crowds looking for their next new toy.

One product in particular caught our eye – not least because it involves alcohol, something we have been known to indulge in on occasion. The “Proof” wearable alcohol sensor is a small bracelet that looks like a fitbit but instead of boring information about how many

steps you take in a day, it tells you how drunk you are.

By sensing alcohol molecules in the skin, the wearable device sends information to your phone, showing your blood alcohol concentration graphed out over time. It also provides an estimate of how long it takes to sober up, calculated upon when you started drinking.

The founder of the company, Evan Strenk, is still trying to get funds together to make the Proof wristband a reality.

He claims that the sensor technology is already comparable to consumer level breathalysers and hopes that his product will prevent your drunk self getting behind the wheel.

While we don't doubt this might work, we can also see whole new avenues opening up for competitive drinkers. The app allows you to share your data – in other words, there's a scientific way to find out who's the most shitfaced in your group of friends.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO CRYSTAL BALLS AND TAROT CARDS?

A WOMAN in Britain is claiming she can use asparagus to see the future and she's made a number of “shocking” predictions for 2017. We've seen a lot of mystics claiming the ability to read people's fortunes using unorthodox methods lately. Just last month we reported on a Chinese man who could see the future of young ladies by feeling their breasts. But this might be weirder.

Jemima Packington, who goes by the amazing nickname of the “Asparamancer”, or “Mystic Veg”, claims she has been using asparagus to read people's future since she was eight. It's a talent that she inherited from her grandmother, who could read tea leaves.

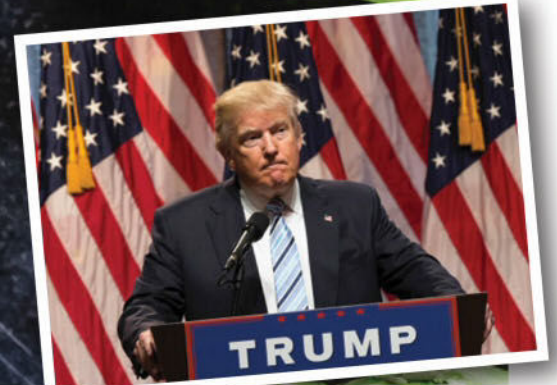
Unsurprisingly, Packington is a big hit at the British Asparagus Festival, where she does up to 50 readings a day. Apparently, her talents earn her quite a few return customers from people astounded by the accuracy of her predictions.

We may be in danger of blowing your mind here, but Packington is supposedly the only person in the world who can read the future using asparagus. We know, we were shocked as well.

Here are her predictions for 2017:

- The USA will be seen as a pariah under the presidency of Donald Trump.
- Brexit will go ahead despite efforts of those wishing to derail it.
- Other EU countries will follow UK's example and apply to withdraw from the EU.
- Troubling times are ahead for the Royal Family.
- Many more sporting scandal stories will emerge with very high profile figures falling from grace.
- The political atmosphere of certain EU countries will change with the deposing of several prominent leaders.
- Political turmoil within UK opposition parties will rumble on.
- A major review of the UK's education system will be undertaken.

We brought some asparagus into the *PENTHOUSE* office and tried to predict this year's Melbourne Cup winner, but just ended up making a bunch of pee jokes and going back to “work”.





CHINA'S SOCIAL CREDIT

CHINA'S new credit rating system is downright freaky.

Imagine everything you did was tracked, documented and used as insurance to ensure you behave well as a citizen. If you think it sounds like a sci-fi concept out of *Minority Report*, you're not far off. China's new credit rating system does exactly this.

The social credit system, currently being tested, will record online activity, shopping transactions, utility bills, public transport and social media usage, and other habits of Chinese citizens. The information is then used to assign each a score based on political, commercial, social and legal "credit". The credit will then have real-life ramifications, dictating what you can and cannot do.

The "social credit" system is being piloted in Hangzhou and the Communist Party wants to roll it out nationwide by 2020, with more than three dozen local governments across China collecting digital records of its citizens' social and financial behaviour.

The official line: the system is meant to encourage good behaviour. Much like Foucault's panopticon, if you know you're being watched, you're less inclined to misbehave. Those who fall short of appropriate ratings could be denied loans or travel. Infractions such as fare cheating, jaywalking and

violating family-planning rules can incur black marks on one's record.

One Chinese woman, Chen Li, accidentally swiped her son's half-fare student card while travelling on the subway. She earned herself a \$6 fine, but was also warned that she may be docked points in the city's "personal credit information system". As reported by *The Wall Street Journal*, a decline in her score could affect her ability to secure loans, find jobs and her son's school admission.

"If trust is broken in one place, restrictions are imposed everywhere." A whole range of privileges would be denied, while people and companies breaking social trust would also be subject to expanded daily supervision and random inspections.

The system is being touted as a way to ensure moral integrity of its citizens, a way to "allow the trustworthy to roam everywhere under heaven while making it hard for the discredited to take a single step." But some aren't convinced of the benign nature of the watchful system.

"China is moving towards a totalitarian society, where the government controls and affects individuals' private lives," said Beijing-based novelist and social commentator Murong Xuecun. "This is like having Big Brother, who has all your information and can harm you in any way he wants."

COPS MISTAKE KITTY LITTER FOR METH

A TEXAN man was recently cleared of drug charges after being wrongly arrested and jailed for possession of methamphetamine. Police allegedly found 226 grams of "methamphetamine" in Ross LeBeau's car.

The meth in question was kitty litter, a fact that didn't concern the cops who arrested Ross. So sure were the police about the bust they posted a mugshot of him on social media, bragging about the bust of the century. The mistake was made due to an inaccurate positive reading on faulty field testing equipment, and cops who can't tell the difference between hard drugs and kitty litter.

While Lebeau spent three days in jail, the kitty litter was sent to forensics for further testing, where it was revealed that the substance was not meth.

"They thought they had the biggest bust in Harris County. This was the bust of the year for them," LeBeau said. "I was wrongly accused. I'm going to do everything in my power to clear my name," he added.

Attorney George Reul pointed out that the department's entire field testing system may be compromised.

It is estimated that at any given time there are an estimated 40,000 to 100,000 innocent people currently locked up in American prisons.





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GYLLENHAAL

REBECCA
FERGUSON

RYAN
REYNOLDS

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THE PIRATE BAY IS BLOCKED IN AUSTRALIA... WELL KIND OF

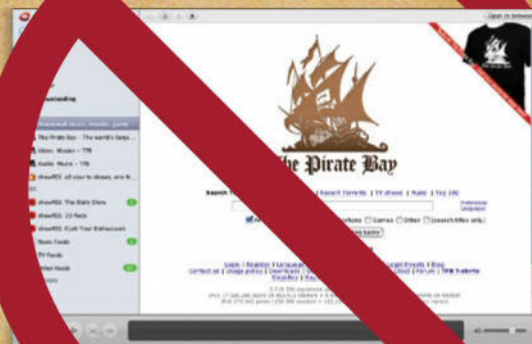
THE PIRATE Bay, the world's largest illegal torrent site, is constantly at odds with the law. Unsurprising, considering it provides access to material in violation of intellectual property laws.

The latest battle takes place on Australian soil, after Foxtel and Village Roadshow filed their case in Australia's Federal Court last February to have the site blocked.

The Pirate Bay is now blocked in Australia and Telstra, Vodafone and Optus were ordered to implement ISP-level blocks on the site. This means that URLs used by The Pirate Bay will not be accessible from Australia. Instead, users will be greeted with a "Content Denied" message and a phone number if you have any further inquiries.

Apparently, this has annoyed a lot of people who rely on torrent sites to download movies, TV shows and music illegally. So the question is: Will this stop people accessing the site? In short, no. A quick google search for The Pirate Bay turns up a number of sites (available under different URLs) that still allow you to access the site. Of course, failing that you could pay for a VPN (Virtual Private Network), or, change your proxy settings.

While this first attempt at blocking the site is rolled out, it looks like illegal torrent sites and Australian ISPs are in for a big and expensive game of whack-a-mole.



WOMAN FARTS IN A JAR AND SELLS IT ON EBAY

ONE WOMAN has turned her foul smelling bum into a lucrative business. The Utah-based bum whisperer, known as kbug1978 on eBay, realised she had a money-maker on her hands, or, in her pants, after starting a health food diet.

"I joined the gym and started to eat right," she explained. "Apparently my body is not used to the 'healthy food' that it's been given and it's now giving me some pretty harsh smelling gas. You know the ones that kind of burn when they come out? Well, I farted by my brother

and it literally made him sick. He said I should 'Sell that sh*t'."

And there you have it. Just when you thought things couldn't get any weirder, a business was born, and some lady is turning her farts into gold. Listed under Everything Else > Weird Stuff > Slightly Unusual on eBay, you can get your own jar of fresh fart for just US\$12. The Fart in a Jar stays potent for up to two weeks and can be used as a "hilarious gag," for your own weird fetish or to "tantalise the senses."



MAKE YOUR FARTS SMELL LIKE MINT

DO YOU worry about your flatulence before a dinner date? No need to stress – scientists have revealed the most significant discovery in recent years. How to make your farts smell minty fresh. No, this isn't some sort of chewing gum marketing campaign, at least we hope not, because that would end up being one hell of a sticky situation.

Just place this pad into your underwear and any fart smell is instantly neutralised. The activated charcoal cloth pad is washable and reusable for several weeks, assuming you don't go too hard on it.

So dig into that steak dinner and let rip that minty freshness. Just don't shit yourself – the science is still in the works.



MAN YELLS 'F*** TRUMP' AND URINATES ON COP

ONE MAN has permanently stained his record, allegedly urinating on a highway patrol officer after being apprehended.

Joseph Murphy, age 20, was arrested for disorderly intoxication and faces charges of battery of an officer, indecent exposure of sexual organs and resisting an officer without violence.

After being found drunk on a sidewalk in Florida's Disney Springs, Murphy was apprehended and placed into the officer's patrol cruiser, where he began banging his head and attempting to choke himself, during which he was yelling "Police brutality". For extra points, Murphy also managed to slip in a "fuck Donald Trump".

Once in jail, Murphy decided to take it a step further, urinating on the floor, and then the pants of a policeman, leaving a large wet spot on his uniform.

GIANT KILLER RAT

IF YOU thought your cockroach problem was bad, think again. One mother went home from an all-night bender to find her baby dead, eaten by a giant rat.

The bender to end all benders took place in a town in Katlehong in Johannesburg, South Africa. Screams from a nearby shack alerted neighbours who quickly

raced to the scene. A neighbour said, "Besides the missing body parts, the remains of her body had bites and wounds all over that were inflicted by the sharp teeth of the rats.

"The baby could only have died a painful death. The infant's tongue, eyes and fingers had all been eaten."



The mother, who came home at dawn to find the bloody scene, initially claimed that the child was burnt. She did not want to admit she had left the baby alone.

A grim scene indeed. "We have lots of rats in the area. She leaves the children alone all night long and they cry themselves to sleep."

Talk about one hell of a hangover.

GET THE PICTURE

“One of the highlights of our three-year Arctic sailing journey across the top of North America was sailing around the spectacular icebergs along Greenland’s west coast. Having fallen in love with Greenland’s landscape, wildlife, warm communities, and the locals’ multicolored houses, five years later we were back, sharing this and our other favorite spots with guests on our photography tours.” Credit: Chris Bray



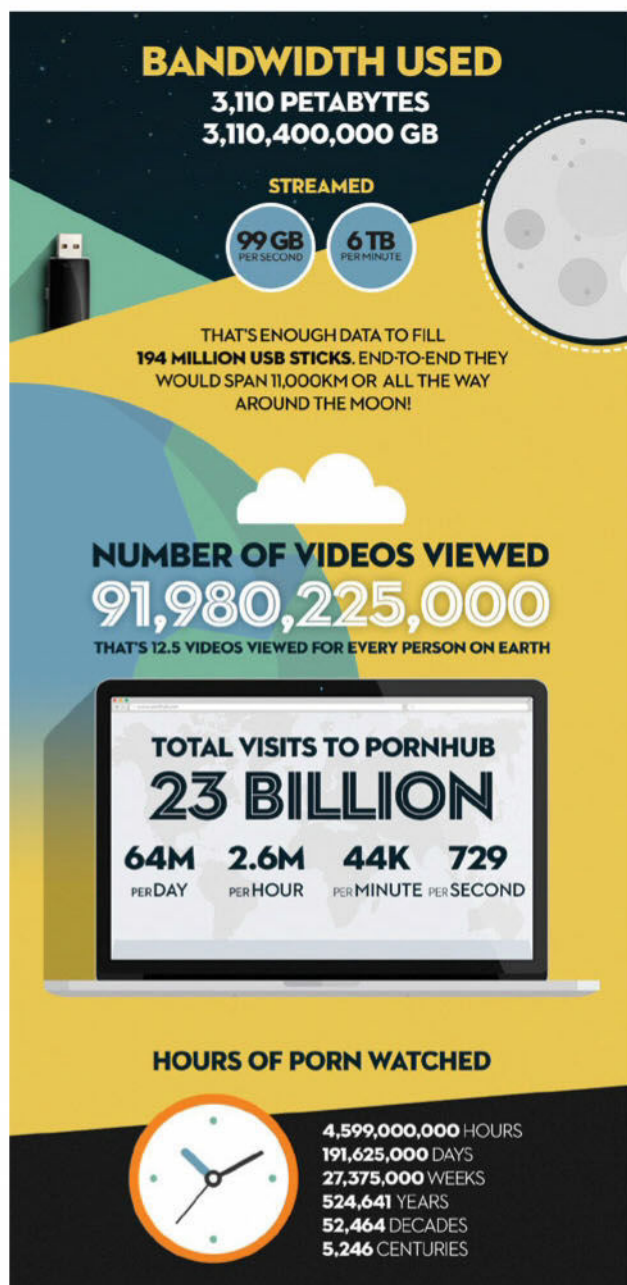


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PORNHUB

2016 YEAR IN REVIEW

2016 was a big year for porn. Pornhub released its year-in-review statistics and it's a fascinating glimpse into a corner of the internet that isn't discussed a lot in general conversation. Feast your eyes on the infographic below, and rest assured that your weird search habits probably aren't that weird. ①

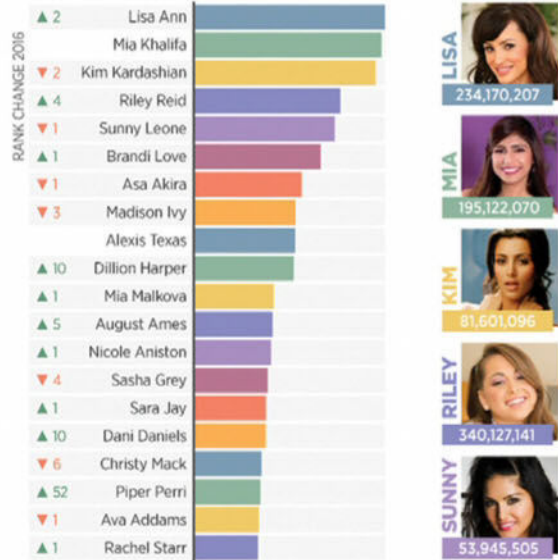


INTERNATIONAL CRUSH

LISA ANN, A POPULAR PORN
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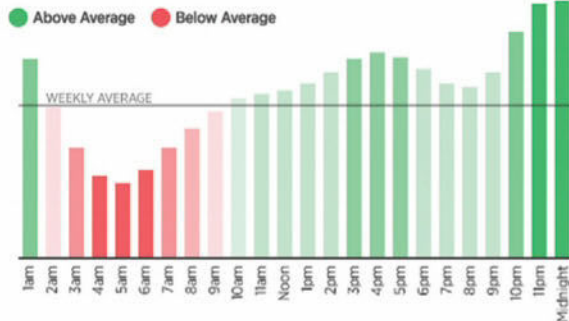
Most Searched for Pornstars



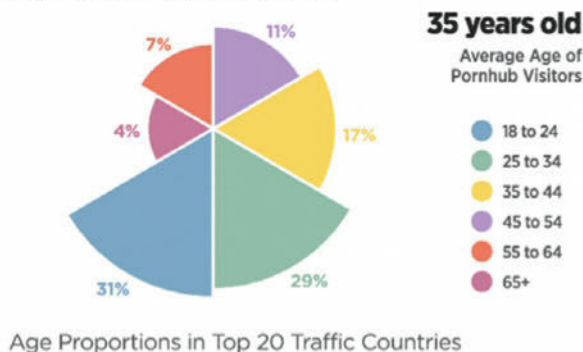
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NEARLY 92 BILLION VIDEOS WERE WATCHED OVER THE COURSE OF 23 BILLION VISITS TO THE WEBSITE

Favorite Times to Watch Porn



Age of Pornhub Visitors

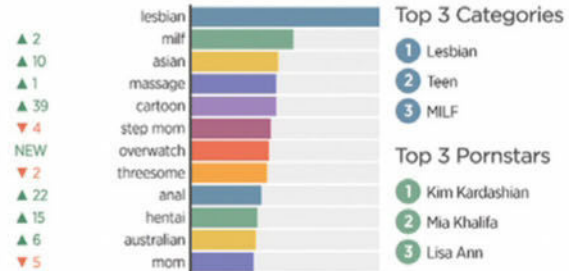


TOP 10 COUNTRIES WITH PER CAPITA PAGE VIEWS

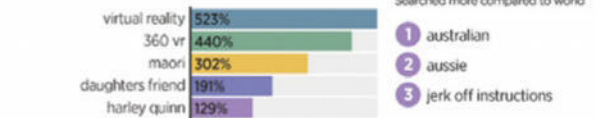


AUSTRALIA

Top 10 Searches of 2016

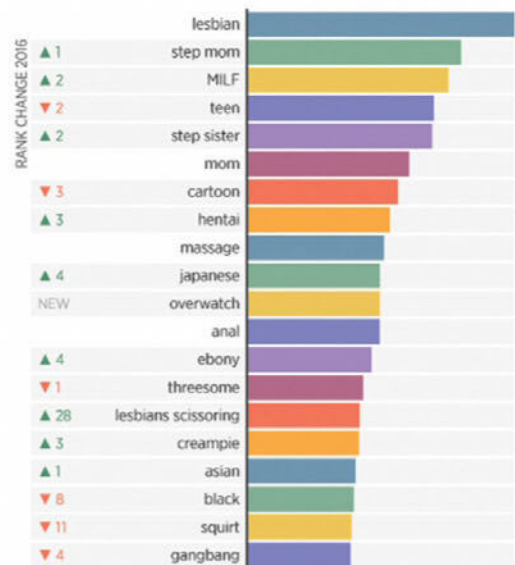


Top Gaining Searches



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HANKSY

HAVE you noticed that life across the pond in America seems like a bad joke these days? Yeah, us too. Which makes New York City street artist Hanksy seem like a cultural fucking bellwether.

You see, it all started as a bad joke.

Back in 2011, the anonymous law school dropout – rumoured by *New York* magazine to be Adam Himebauch, the son of a retired FBI agent – had a funny idea. He liked the subversive British street artist Banksy, known for his satirical graffiti; he also liked Tom Hanks movies. So, using basic computer software, he downloaded the famous Banksy image of a rat holding a paint roller, replaced the rat's face with a cartoon image of Hanks, crossed out the artist's tag and signed it "Hanksy." He then pasted a cutout of his mashup onto a building in NYC's Little Italy, posted a photo of it on Instagram and Twitter, emailed it to the street-art website Wooster Collective, and went to sleep. "And then it went viral," he told *The New York Times*. "I remember counting at the time that it had been tweeted to four or five million accounts."

Hanksy the artist was born.

His work began appearing around New York, as well as Detroit, Philadelphia, Chicago and LA: Bruce Willis holding a stack of pizza boxes with the tag line "Pie Hard"; Al Pacino's face plastered on the image of a bikini-clad woman with the caption "Gal Pacino." Then there was "Cage Against the Machine" and "The Walken Dead" (we'll let you guess who and what those were). And our personal favourites: "Turd on a Wire" features Kim Kardashian's face on a bird sitting on a tree branch; and in an ode to her better half, "Kanye Brest" depicts two smiling Kanye mugs on a pendulous pair of boobs.

No public figure is immune to satire, and certainly some are more mock-worthy than others. It's all part of the fun, and Hanksy was having a field day, posting his mashups and organising interactive exhibitions and group installations around the country. But in the summer of 2015, the artist found his muse.

Not long after the embarrassment now known as President Donald J. Trump announced his candidacy in the lobby of his Manhattan hotel, further downtown, on the facade of a Lower East Side building, Hanksy painted a mural of a pile of shit with Trump's irate face and signature haystack coiffure and eyebrows. And buzzing flies, of course, because flies love poop. "The mural was a joke, and so was Trump," Hanksy said. "Unfortunately the punchline never came and it's scary as hell."

The mural, known as "Dump Trump," quickly went viral, and as the Golden One's campaign gained momentum, Hanksy launched a "Dump Across America" tour, selling anti-Trump yard signs, bumper stickers, protest flags, buttons and coffee mugs. "I've always respected that the right image can sway someone," he told *Business Insider*. "And I know this is a cartoon piece of imagery – when it comes down to it, it's just a turd – but there are layers to it."

Sadly, the mural was painted over in January by the building's owners. "It was a shit mural anyways," Hanksy said in response to its whitewashing. "However, if anyone has a nice giant wall – preferably in direct view of 725 5th Ave [aka Trump Tower] – I'd be happy to paint it again!"

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FILMS TO FOOL YOU

EVERYBODY loves a good plot twist. Your obnoxious friend who claims to have seen it coming still loves a twist – even if it's just so that he can brag about how smart he is.

But a good twist – one that isn't obvious or just plain stupid – is hard to pull-off. Just ask M. Night Shyamalan. Yeah, so he's got it right once or twice (he even features on this list), but damn, he has produced some groaners. If you haven't watched *The Happening*, check it out, even if only to see what happens when a corny twist is shoehorned at the end of a painful two-hour build-up. It hurts. A lot. The real plot twist is that they still let him make movies after that.

Below we've compiled the most iconic films with a twist. We won't spoil them for you like that other obnoxious friend we all have, just in case you haven't seen them yet. Which by the way – if you haven't – what the hell are you doing? Your mind is just sitting there, waiting to be blown. Go and watch these movies. ❶

PLANET OF THE APES (1968)

"Take your stinking paws off me, you damned dirty ape."

This movie is full of iconic one-liners, satisfyingly crappy costumes and a twist so memorable that it's ingrained in our pop-culture memories whether we want it or not. The new prequels/reboots/remake thingies are pretty damned good too, but check out this classic to see where it all began.

THE SIXTH SENSE (1999)

This is another one that you have to know. We won't ruin it just on the off chance you've been building barns with the Amish for the past 20 years, suddenly done a complete 180 and picked up a *PENTHOUSE*. In *The Sixth Sense*, Bruce Willis plays a psychiatrist who can't seem to figure out why everyone but this one kid has been ignoring him for months. Oh, and the kid can see and communicate with the dead, but that's hardly relevant.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1980)

Okay, we told you we wouldn't spoil anything, but if you don't know this by now, we can't help you. The only excuse is that you've been interned for the last 40 years on an alien planet where humans are subjugated under the harsh rule of ape-men.

In which case, welcome back! And Darth Vader is Luke Skywalker's father. There, we did it. What's that? You have something you desperately need to tell us?

THE USUAL SUSPECTS (1995)

Kevin Spacey is the coolest, right? Everybody agrees. Whether he's a psychopathic politician in *House of Cards*, a psychopathic killer in *Se7en* or a psychopathic boss in *Horrible Bosses*, there's just something about his deadpan delivery and icy-cold gaze that makes us think: He would kill me in a second if he could get away with it. Luckily, there's nothing to fear from Verbal Kint, his character in *The Usual Suspects*. He's just some poor sap with a limp...right?



MUSIC

TYLER THE PRANKSTER

DEPENDING on who you ask, the question “Who is Tyler the Creator?” will generate a variety of responses. Yes, he’s a rapper. He’s also misogynistic, racist and homophobic – at least, according to some. He has a tendency to piss off old white people and feminists with startling consistency; whether intentional or as a by-product of his colourful use of language is for you to decide.

One thing is certain, however; there are few jokesters as prolific as Tyler the Creator.

Rolling Stone journalist Ernest Baker was set to go on tour with Tyler and his crew. However, when he arrived at Tyler’s tour bus, he was stonewalled by a large Samoan bodyguard.

“Sorry, you can’t come in here,” Tyler’s bodyguard, Vill, says. “There’s a no pants policy on the bus.”

After refusing to take his pants off, Baker was given a peek inside. Sure enough, everyone was in their boxers.

“Fuck it,” he says, and walks on to the bus.

Tyler’s filming him. Everyone’s laughing.

“This nigga really took off his pants!” Tyler cries.

The rap prodigy, who counts among his friends Pharrell Williams, Kanye West and Seth Rogen, commands a global cult following of fanatic followers. They love him because he says shit you can’t say. They sell out his shows. They wear his

label, Golf Wang. Tyler, the kid who pisses everybody off, is a global enterprise.

On the tour, Baker witnessed Tyler “encourage” drug dabblers to “stop being a bitch” and “shoot heroin up,” and, no less than twice, scream, “The molly’s kicking in,” while having a fake seizure on the floor.

It’s antics like this that have helped Tyler gain global stardom. They also have a tendency to land him in trouble; in 2015 he was banned from entering Britain for posing “a threat to the public order and the public interest” (they were citing a riot he started and got arrested for). And this wasn’t the first time. In June 2013, Australian feminist group Collective Shout pushed to have him banned from entering. In response, during a show, Tyler called Collective Shout member Talitha Stone, a “fucking bitch,” a “fucking whore” and a “fucking cunt.” Talitha was present. Funnily enough, she didn’t take kindly to the comment and filed a police report for verbal abuse. In response, Tyler had this to say:

“Instead of banning me from a country, why don’t you just make sure the kids don’t go to the show, you dumbass? Is that hard?”

How far can you take a joke before you’ve gone too far? Is a prank still a prank if people get hurt and offended? In the wise words of Tyler the Prankster, “It’s just a word...people get offended too easily.” **1**

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GAMING

HYPERSPACE: MASS EFFECT: ANDROMEDA

Electronic Arts (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

HOT lesbian sex might not be the first thing that leaps to mind when you think of hardcore galaxy-spanning role-playing adventures, but the *Mass Effect* trilogy made headlines for its titillating girl-on-alien-girl romance that in later entries blossomed into full same-sex relationships for both the male and female characters. All that anything-goes space-boning was just a side effect of the series' open-ended approach to storytelling. Players had the freedom to make moral choices – including romantic ones – that affected the outcome of the game, and those decisions compounded throughout the series until everything reached a literal

point of no return in the finale. Now, *Mass Effect: Andromeda* puts some serious time and space between the characters and consequences of the original trilogy. It's set a long time from now in a galaxy far, far away.

The story starts 600 years after the events of *Mass Effect 3*. Players control a Pathfinder – a sort of soldier/scientist/guide – sent to scout the Andromeda galaxy for habitable planets so earthlings can manifest the fuck out of their destiny. At your service is the *Tempest*, a starship capable of zipping between star systems, and a smaller six-wheeled hot rod called the *Nomad* for burning rubber on the surface of any planet.

You have the freedom to chart your course

through an entire galactic cluster, but just remember that you're the alien refugee here. Many planets are home to hostile life forms that won't take kindly to your colonial impulses. Good thing *Andromeda* offers an enhanced version of the intergalactic blasting that made this series so accessible to the average dudebro.

Instead of choosing classes, you pick the gender of your character, then individual skills that you can tweak throughout the adventure. You might end up as a bionic human tank or a lithe techno wizard, and you're free to pursue cosmic hanky-panky with your crew and bang more aliens than Captain Kirk on a five-year mission. **1**

GAMING'S GREATEST APRIL FOOLS' JOKES

B.I.G. BALL GAMING MOUSE (Corsair Gaming, 2015)

In an official-looking video filled with legit-sounding jargon, gaming-peripheral maker Corsair introduced a gaming mouse that did away with the precision of modern laser-powered devices in favour of the old-timey trackball. The Corsair M63MM RGB mouse (the extra M stands for “mechanical”) featured a ball of solid Boron Infused Graphene. Naturally, B.I.G. balls are the key to gaming.

PLAYSTATION FLOW (Sony, 2015)

Owners of Playstation waterproof VR goggles were supposed to pause their games when they reached an underwater area, drive to the nearest public pool, slip on the system, then dive in for complete immersion. An included Body Dryer gadget promised to blow-dry players in seconds after each swim session. Too bad the whole thing was a viral-marketing stunt for the PlayStation VR goggles.

WORLD OF WARCRAFT T.I.N.D.R. DATING APP (PC, 2015)

Developer Blizzard announced an update for their massive multiplayer role-playing game that added hookups between player minions. A small chest called the T.I.N.D.R. Box was to keep your Followers occupied swiping left or right on the profiles of other players, creating a subculture of casual minion sex. Your followers then report back from each fling with the salacious details.

SHENG LONG TRICK (Street Fighter II, 1992)

“You must defeat Sheng Long to stand a chance,” taunted a victorious Ryu in *Street Fighter II*. Sheng Long was actually a mistranslation of Ryu's Dragon Punch move, but that didn't stop *Electronic Gaming Monthly* magazine from crafting an April Fools' joke detailing the elaborate process for unlocking the mysterious Sheng Long character. Readers wore down their controllers trying to make it happen.





BUSTED

LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE

THAT'S the old cliché, right? But will love set you free? Apparently not, at least for one Venezuelan couple who attempted one of the most ill-conceived prison breaks since the guy who tried to escape Port Arthur prison by slapping fur on himself and pretending to be a kangaroo.

Antoinette Saouda, 25, was busted by prison guards smuggling her boyfriend out of the Jose Antonio Anzoategui prison in a large suitcase. During her visit to the prison, she managed to stuff her lanky lover, Ibrain Jose Vargas Garcia, into the wheeled bag and roll him right to the front door of the correctional facility with her six-year-old daughter in tow. One big happy family.

The only problem was that the suitcase weighed about 70 kilos more than when it was rolled in, as it now contained a human male. The guards, noticing Saouda was struggling with her luggage, stopped her and inspected the suitcase. They found Ibrain, contorted into a ball shape, presumably laughed at how ridiculous he looked, and chucked him straight back in the slammer to serve out the rest of his 10-year prison sentence.

Guards then arrested his girlfriend, their daughter was placed into protective services and Garcia is said to be working on a new Harry Houdini routine that he plans to perform on Channel Seven's *The X Factor* as soon as he is released. ❶



WORLD'S MOST INSANE PRISON BREAKS

1. THE ZEPPELIN MASTER

Italian drug trafficker Guilo B.'s escape plan included night vision goggles, climbing equipment and a four-metre long zeppelin. What loony tunes-esque scheme the Italian had whipped up, we will never know as he was caught by the guards before he could execute the plan. Too bad – it sounded like a lot of fun.

2. THE FLYING FELONS

Vassilis Paleokostas was a bank robber who made a name for himself by sharing his loot with the poor. Sort of like Robin Hood, just with a much less catchy name. When he eventually ended up in jail, his brother broke him out by landing a helicopter in the prison yard and flying away. They were caught after two years and both sent to jail, and this time, the prison guards learnt their lesson. Except they didn't because the pair escaped again – by helicopter – and they are still at large to this day.

3. THE ISLAND

When it comes to prison breaks, everyone always thinks Alcatraz. Tough iron bars, 12 cell checks a day and the surrounding freezing cold water make it pretty much the hardest place to escape from in the world. One group, however, achieved this incredible feat by building a drill out of random machine parts, making holes in a ventilation duct, misdirecting guards with papier-mache models of their heads and sailing out from the island on a boat made of raincoats. MacGyver would be proud.





POLITICS

TAKE THE GREEN PILL

YOU might have heard that this year medical marijuana is going to be available in Australia. But don't get too excited – it won't be easy to access. Not like in California, for example, where you can take a quick trip to the seaside shacks cluttering the boardwalk down on Venice Beach. The ones that advertise "15-Minute Medical Marijuana Prescriptions" from specialised weed doctors, where a jar of "herbal remedy" is about as easy to get as a packet of Nurofen Plus.

Back in Australia, we've taken a more top-down approach. At the Federal level, in early 2016, the Senate passed changes to the Narcotics Drug Act providing a framework for Medical Marijuana production licences, both for manufacture and research purposes. They set the rules for licences, dealing with issues such as security, supply control and other regulatory provisions, but they left the specifics up to the states. And this is where things get murky.

The ultra-restrictive requirements for getting a licence make it practically impossible for anyone but large corporations or government organisations to receive one. And unlike in The US, where a complaint of back problems or an ailing appetite will land you a "green" card, you have to be suffering something pretty serious to get a prescription here. So far, severe epilepsy and cancer are practically the only conditions approved for cannabis treatment therapy. And even then, only when other treatment options have failed.

Medical marijuana advocacy groups are obviously pleased by the changes, but fear the government hasn't gone far enough. Medical Cannabis Australia told *PENTHOUSE* that "The cost involved in applying for a licence with no guarantee of approval is very restrictive," and that the industry "may

be in danger of being monopolised by big business and multinational companies." They also stated that "The process to have the medicine imported on an individual application and assessment basis is unfortunately viewed as too hard by most GPs."

This is the biggest problem with the current laws. While cannabis is technically legal, the slow bureaucratic nature of the change and the limiting conditions for prescribing the drug have led to people sourcing it through less than legal means. Just recently, the house of a South Australian woman was raided by police after she supplied cannabis oil to dozens of terminally ill patients.

The woman was providing the oil free of charge to people across the nation worked with Greens MP Tammy Frank for two years to legalise medical cannabis in South Australia until the police seized all her products and equipment.

If that sounds ridiculous, then this will blow your mind: her unlikely champion in the Australian Federal Parliament is Pauline Hanson, the controversial leader of Australia's One Nation Party.

She's apparently down with smoking a bit of green for pain relief. Hanson has already appealed to the prime minister asking that amnesty is extended to anyone distributing medical cannabis products.

On her Facebook just the other day Hanson announced her love of ganja...for strictly medicinal purposes, of course.

"I've been a long advocate of Medicinal Cannabis, due to its effective relief for so many ailments, conventional drugs can't offer," the One Nation senator posted on her Facebook.

Does that mean Pauline Hanson is in favour of legalising recreational marijuana? Your guess is as good as ours. **1**

04/17

STUDIO SERIES MATT SOLOMON

THERE is no better feeling than when things go right. We had a rad team for this shoot – it's an excellent example of everyone trusting each other to achieve beautiful images. We wanted to project a strong, confident woman with a sense of fun and our gal was exactly that! Charlotte is an absolute joy; full of fun, excitement and enthusiasm. Looking at these images on the day brought a huge smile to all our faces.

PHOTOGRAPHER: MATT SOLOMON MAKE-UP & HAIR: SKYE ISABELLA MODEL: CHARLOTTE JANE









INTERVIEW

MASTER OF PUPPETS

IF ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE, THEN **JEFF TREMAINE**, COCREATOR OF MTV'S *JACKASS*, IS PERHAPS THE GREATEST PUPPETEER OF THE 21ST CENTURY.
INTERVIEW BY CHRIS NIERATKO

JEFF TREMAINE, the eternal instigator, manipulated a ragtag cast of half-assed stuntmen and merry pranksters into televised self-mutilation, accidentally sparking a cultural revolution that led everyone with a camera (and later a cellphone) to believe they, too, could be a star.

Groundbreaking as it was to the mainstream to see a bunch of average Joes fucking themselves up on the small screen armed with nothing more than a handheld camera, the truth was that the *Jackass* brand of buffoonery was nothing new to the skateboarding world – it had been going on in the pages and videos of the infamous and now-defunct *Skateboarding* magazine for nearly a decade before *Jackass* aired in 2000. It was during his tenure as editorial director of *Big Brother* magazine in the 1990s that Tremaine assembled his own personal Howard Stern-esque wack-pack that would go on to gross over half a billion dollars.

Hulu recently released *DUMB*, a documentary focusing on the pre-*Jackass* years of *Big Brother*, directed by Patrick O'Dell. I caught up with Tremaine, my former *Big Brother* boss, at his Gorilla Flicks office in Burbank to discuss starting fights, his Ho Chi Minh nickname, nearly killing Johnny Knoxville, his upcoming *Mötley Crüe* biopic, and of course *Big Brother*, the nuthouse that started him down one of the craziest roads in television history. >

Before creating *Jackass* you were the art and editorial director of *Big Brother*, one of the most infamous comedic magazines out there. How would you describe the magazine?

It was reckless, fun and sort of punk. We had a fuck-all attitude and we had great bosses in the early days – Steve Rocco, and then later Larry Flynt – who left us alone and encouraged our antics. Rocco wanted it as wild as could be. He challenged me to make it that way with a wide-open wallet. Creatively speaking, he made sure we had everything we needed. There were no boundaries for anything we wanted to do.

The new documentary *DUMB* covers the early years of the magazine extensively, but I'm curious about what some of the highlights were for you personally?

I was in high spirits on the Mardi Gras tour. I remember we walked up to a biker bar and a couple guys were at the front door ready to go in, and right before that group gets in I kicked over a motorcycle and yelled, "Harley down!" My crew were

to anyone that wasn't part of that culture, but for skateboarders *Jackass* is just a skate video without a lot of skating.

Have you ever been on the receiving end of a punch?

We have big mouths and we like to stir it up. I always liked to start bar fights but not participate in them to see what I could get going. You can't be too drunk when you do that. You have to be just the right amount of drunk because when you get too drunk you get sloppy and you get caught. One night I was at this guy's house in Hermosa Beach who was having a big party and I was wasted. I'm waiting in a long line for the bathroom and I'm bored to death and I see this gnarly gangster dude sitting on the couch and I walk out of the bathroom line and go start talking to this dude and I say to him, "I know this is going to sound weird but I was standing in the bathroom line and the dude in front of me keeps looking over at you and saying, 'That dude has dick-sucking lips.'" The guy just gives me this weird look. It turns out that it was his good friend that I had pointed out and he

I like to make things uncomfortable.

You like to instigate.

It's true. I do.

I like chaos. I have always liked chaos. One time we were at the Beauty Bar on Cahuenga and there was a real feisty Spanish girl that I was talking to, and I accidentally bumped her into this other girl and the other girl started talking shit. First I tried to break it up and then I was like, "Wait a minute. What am I doing?" So I nudged her back into the girl and next thing I know the two girls start fighting and then dudes start swinging and suddenly the whole bar erupts. I took two steps back, stood against the wall, and watched the whole bar clear out in a full-on, best movie-bar-fight ever. There's been a few of those. What? You don't do that?

No, never. You made it through the *Jackass* years relatively unscathed.

No, I get caught, but it's usually not on camera. Those guys will get me. I remember it was toward the end of the first movie in Europe with [Johnny] Knoxville and Bam [Margerla] and we were doing press and our big threat to each other was, "I'm going to come on you, dude!" It was a joke. Well, I thought it was a joke but I also knew to not take it too lightly. So we're partying pretty hard, and one of the days we had to get up at seven in the morning and I get in the back of the minivan and just pass out. I wake up because I feel something hit me in the face and I look up and Bam is just lurking over me jacking off. I thought come hit my face and woke me up but it was a scarf hanging down. I freaked out and punched him in the bare dick. I felt his whole balls mash into my hand. But if that scarf didn't hit me I would've gotten hit. He was speed-stroking, full-on trying to make it happen. After that I was sleep-deprived because I wouldn't close my eyes.

Are there any other times over the years where you had that kind of fear for someone's safety?

Yeah, in the early *Jackass* days we didn't have an art director or any help. If we wanted to jump the LA River in rollerskates, me and the cameraman would screw the ramp together and just do it and film it. No permits. No nothing. So one time Knoxville went online and bought three riot-control shotgun shells that had little beanbag inserts. It was the

IT'S ORIGINAL TO ANYONE THAT WASN'T PART OF THAT CULTURE, BUT FOR SKATEBOARDERS *JACKASS* IS JUST A SKATE VIDEO WITHOUT A LOT OF SKATING

as guilty as me because they're with me. Any one of them that gets caught is dead. So we had to run for our lives, and that was the kind of tour it was every night. We didn't even have coverage of half the shit, so it was all drawn in the magazine. The video footage we do have is crazy. One clip we have is in the French Quarter and there's a cop car and Karma climbs up on it and drops in on the window while Simon Woodstock is pissing all over the car in a crayon suit and Marc McKee is making out with some chick. It was the most random chaos.

Do you feel *Big Brother* has changed media in general in its elevation of the staff being the characters?

That was not intentional. That just sort of happened. I don't think of that as very revolutionary. What we were doing was part of what the culture was. It's original

knew that he didn't say it. But he didn't confront me about it right there. He had to soak it in and it festered with him for a while, because later I was sitting in the kitchen – I was pretty blacked out – but I remember this dude was right in my face, screaming, "You don't know who I am!" Next thing I know my friend's ex-girlfriend is trying to help me up. I'm looking up at all these people that are all concerned. I was like, "Why am I lying on the ground?" Knocked the fuck out.

Where do you think that comes from, you being such an instigator?

My mom tells me stories about being a little kid in preschool and my nickname was Ho Chi Minh, because I did not like peace. I would walk in and just bite somebody or make sure shit got started, even back then. But, Chris, you like to instigate, too.



Spike Jonze, Preston Lacy, Jeff Tremaine, Ehren McGhehey, Steve O and Jason "Wee Man" Acuna

earliest version of these things. We get this stuntman who was willing to shoot Johnny. I don't know where Knoxville found this guy but we're in his backyard in the Valley and Knoxville is like, "Let's just do it." I said, "No, man. It'll be better if we build it up."

So I get a watermelon and set it up with a sheet of plywood behind it. The guy shoots the watermelon and it blows right through it but it also blows right through the plywood. And I was like, "That doesn't seem right." Knoxville is like, "Fuck it. We're here. Let's just do it." Again, I'm like, "No, man! Hold on." I grab an even thicker piece of plywood," and I draw a circle and I tell the guy to shoot it. He shoots at it and misses the circle. It goes like six inches above the circle but rips right through the inch plywood. A big-ass hole. The guy was pretty close to point-blank and he was aiming at the

circle. Those things just don't go where they're supposed to go. They fly like a Frisbee bullet totally out of control where you won't hit what you're aiming for, but if you shoot it into a crowd you will kill somebody. I couldn't believe they were even selling those things.

But Knoxville is like, "Let's do it and get out of here." I'm like, "Are you fucking kidding me? Are you watching what I'm watching? If you want to do it, go ahead, but every one of you cameramen get in the car. We're getting the fuck out of here. You can shoot him but I'm not going to be here for that shit." I had to make him walk away from that shit and he was pissed at me for shutting him down. We eventually did it in the movie when they had a better device with more accuracy that wouldn't go right through you. That tells you everything about Knox — he's just Evel Knievel-style. Evel would have

the wrong gear and show up and see the crowd and know that if he commits to the jump over however many buses that he's eating shit but, "Goddamnit! The crowd is here, do let's do this!"

Since the days of *Jackass* you've been doing a bunch of directing, and for years your name has been tied to the Mötley Crüe biopic based on their autobiography, *The Dirt*.

I have been attached to this goddamn thing for over four years, but it feels real right now with Netflix and I'm hoping it all works out. My attraction to doing the movie was not because I'm the biggest Mötley Crüe fan, but after I read that book I saw a lot of similarities between them and the *Jackass* roller-coaster ride, with the crash-and-burn and the drugs and with Mötley Crüe encouraged and expected to be as bad as possible. They



were paid a lot of money and what they did was never checked on. The naughtier they were, the more they were loved. They had a free pass and the *Jackass* guys had the same thing. Steve-O could take a shit on a red carpet and it would be positive news. If Brad Pitt does that it's a devastating career-ending move for him. But Steve-O just gets more gigs. That takes a toll on the guys because all of a sudden you become a caricature of yourself and you get caught up in trying to one-up yourself and I think that happened to Mötley Crüe, too. You lose track of your moral compass and I feel really connected to this story because of that, more than I am connected to their actual music.

There are so many gems in *The Dirt*. Was there one that you just instantly visualised on the big screen?

Mötley Crüe meeting Ozzy Osbourne around a hotel pool and they snort ants and Ozzy pees all over the pool and they lick it up. If you're only surrounded by

‘ **I GREW UP IN THE REAGAN-ERA PUNK-ROCK SCENE; A GREAT TIME FOR ART AND MUSIC THAT HASN'T HAPPENED SINCE** ’

your team and you're in a fucking psycho mode like we were on *Jackass* and during *Big Brother*...you're in a bubble and the rules of real life do not apply.

One question I'm always being asked is why don't you bring the magazine back? Personally, I don't think it could work in this time of heightened sensitivity, but perhaps I'm wrong in my thinking and now, with our orange president, is it the best time to have such a comedic and antagonistic outlet?

It's a better time now than it's been since it died. *Big Brother* was never a

politically correct magazine. We never did anything nice and easy. My one optimistic nugget that I hold close in regards to Trump winning the election is that I grew up in the Reagan-era punk-rock scene; a great time for art and music that hasn't happened since, in my opinion. So I'm really hoping that Trump really gets under the artists' skin and they bloom and shock me with some awesome angst-filled music, art, and magazines. Something is going to come out in these next four years so I'll be entertained through all this. That's my one glimmer of hope...everything else is fucked. ❶

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SPORT

SKY'S THE LIMIT

JEB CORLISS JUMPS OFF CLIFFS FOR A LIVING. BUT THREE YEARS AGO A SIMPLE LOOKING STUNT ALMOST MADE HIM WANT TO QUIT FOREVER.

BY SEAN BRUCE

WATCHING footage of wingsuit pilots flying down mountain faces at breakneck speeds has me sweating. Any sane person would be. These people are insane. Why else would they jump off 1000-metre cliffs with nothing but a nylon suit between them and the ground below?

Meet wingsuit pilot and certified madman Jeb Corliss. He throws himself off mountains for a living, defying physics and logic in death-defying spectacles. Among his achievements, a list of broken bones, torn ligaments and jelly-crushed muscles that put UFC's toughest to shame. For the past 20 years, Jeb's life has revolved around doing things that most people would consider to be completely crazy.

"I've broken my back in three places, broken all of my ribs, my left foot four times, right foot four times, had two ACL reconstructions in my left knee and a huge open wound in my right shin that needed four surgeries and two skin grafts. I've broken my neck, my left tibia and my hips. I've chipped most of my teeth, cracked my skull, had multiple concussions, broken my fingers and toes..." he rattles the list off like he's reading from a David Jones catalogue.

"Dude, that's been my life."

As my conversation with Jeb continues, I get the feeling that he thinks about death. A lot. In fact, he mentions it about 40 times over the course of our two-hour conversation. And I get why.

Wingsuit piloting has rightly earned itself another name – The World's Most Dangerous Sport. It's a title that carries with it a certain weight of responsibility. It's prestigious, but also a reminder of the realities facing wingsuit pilots. Jeb tells me that during his career he's seen about six people die every year. Of his good friends, 80 per cent are dead. Just last year, a summer period saw a record number of flying fatalities related to wingsuit piloting.

And it's true, no matter what precautions a wary pilot takes, the risks are very real. Wingsuit flyers will reach speeds of more than 160 kilometres an hour, often drifting only metres above the ground – close enough to clip the heads of unwitting hikers. In 2014, Alex Duncan, a 26-year-old





from Manly, died after crashing into a mountainside during a jump in the Swiss Alps. His words in an interview before he jumped ring true: "You have to be brave... and a little insane."

To be sure, there are a bunch of brave and insane people in the world who wouldn't dream of jumping off a cliff as a hobby. And while these traits are likely prerequisites, possessing those alone won't get you into a wingsuit and over the edge of a 1000-metre cliff.

When asked what motivates him to jump, Jeb's response is quietly philosophical. "As an individual, you're in a constant state of trying to figure out what you're made of – not just base jumpers but humans in general," he says.

"Of course there are people who shy away from fear and sit in their houses and watch TV while eating doughnuts. They die from cancer, or whatever disease they get from eating too much, and a lot of people are like that. Fine – more power to them."

As he tells me this, I'm reminded of that line from the movie *Braveheart*. "Every man dies. But not every man really lives." It's kind of cheesy, but I say it anyway.

He's heard it before. He doesn't agree. "I don't say that," he says. "I don't agree that what I do is better or worse than anyone else. I don't think my choices are any better or worse."

Those familiar with the sport would've heard of Jeb's famous 2012 crash – it went viral. It's one of the most well-known wingsuit crashes on the internet because Jeb somehow survives after hitting the ground at terminal velocity. Usually, you don't.

He tells me about the moments before he hits solid granite. "My mind instantly broke into two single thought processes that happened instantaneously. One thought process was just the math – calculations of what I needed to do, to not die.

"The other part was a more philosophical conversation. It felt like hours of me just sitting there having this discussion. And the topic was very simple...you are going to die now. The question is: 'Do you not pull your parachute and hit the ground? Just get turned off like a switch? That's one option – a quick death. Or, do you want to pull your parachute, potentially land and survive, then stay there bleeding out for five minutes, 10 minutes, an hour – however long it takes for a rescue team to get you.'"

"It was a hard choice to make. Do I pull my parachute or don't I? Do I want a slow death or a quick one?"

"I just wanted the time. So I pulled."

Jeb's decision to pull the cord saved his life but left him severely injured. He spent weeks in hospital, then it was months of rehab, an ACL reconstruction and a year of finally learning to walk again.

At this point most people would have called it quits on wingsuiting. But most people aren't Jeb. A year later, Jeb received a call that would lead to one of the most significant moments in his wingsuiting career. But it almost didn't happen.

"I thought I was going into something that was relatively straight forward. But it turned out to be something way, way, way gnarlier than I was expecting."

The jump, aptly named the Flying Dagger, would require Jeb to thread the eye of the needle through a narrow four-metre crack in a large cliff formation, travelling at speeds of more than 160 kilometres an hour. There was no room for error.

"I felt good about it. I thought this is going to be a good first project,

now I'm back on the job."

However, his confidence soon turned to apprehension.

"I start my proximity flight at 266 metres, having to go three football fields, deploy my parachute at about 90 metres – which is crazy low – over this gnarly-ass jungle with blades inside of it and branches that kill you if you land on them. If I don't make my landing area, I'm probably deadlier than a doornail. And if I get an off-heading opening or a hesitation of any kind, I die."

Jeb has a way of dealing with fear that's close to superhuman, but even he has limits. In the five days leading up to the jump, the weather turned bad and preparations got turned upside down. Jeb was supposed to perform 20 to 30 practice jumps ahead of the main event but due to bad weather he was only able to complete three. "Those three jumps were basically worthless. All they did was show me how fucked I was."

The weather and lack of preparation had Jeb rethinking the whole thing. It probably didn't help that more than 50,000 people had rocked up to see him take on the Flying Dagger.

A final inspection of the site from a helicopter deemed the jump unsafe because visibility was too low. Jeb's relief would have been palpable. "If I jumped, I would probably get killed anyway because I haven't got the training and I'm not prepared."

Relieved about the news, Jeb retired to take off his gear. He wouldn't have to jump after all. Imagine how he felt when moments later he was informed the weather had cleared up again. The jump was back on. No amount of training could prepare him for the emotional roller-coaster he had experienced in the space of five minutes.

"All of a sudden everyone's just staring at me. And I'm just like, 'Oh fuck.' "It was a horrible feeling. Now all of a sudden, I had no excuse not to jump, other than the fact that I didn't have the proper training."

I got so scared. I remembered bouncing off Table Mountain. I recalled

the hospital time, and the rehab and the wheelchairs and the surgeries and I'm thinking, 'I'm going to get fucked up right now.'"

I started crying. And I kind of realised – I'm done. If I land this helicopter right now, I'm never jumping again."

And then all of a sudden, I think, 'I can land this helicopter right now and I'm probably not going to die today. But some day, 10 years from now, 20 years from now, 30 years from now, who knows? Someday I will die. Someday I'll be sitting there in bed looking back on my life, and I'll remember this moment. This will be the moment that my life changed. This will be the moment I let fear dictate who I'm going to be and what I'm going to do. And you know what man? I'm going to have to die anyway, and today's as good a day as any day to die. Fuck it. I'm going.

"It was one of the most powerful experiences of my entire life. And a lot of what made it so powerful is that I almost gave up on who I was. I almost gave up on what I trained my entire life to do. I almost threw away an opportunity because I was just so shit scared." ❶

Since his recovery Jeb has completed projects in China. Last year he hit an apple-sized target suspended over the Great Wall. His camera setup allows us normal people to perform the stunt in virtual reality, wearing a pair of goggles in the safety of our homes. It's not quite the same. But it's the closest most of us will ever get.

“
**IT WAS A HARD
CHOICE TO MAKE. DO I
PULL MY PARACHUTE
OR DON'T I? DO I
WANT A SLOW DEATH
OR A QUICK ONE?**
”





THE EVOLUTION OF A HITMAN

NATE "BOON" CRAFT WAS ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS CONTRACT KILLERS IN DETROIT DURING THE 1980S. HERE, WE MEET THE MAN.
BY SETH FERRANTI

LEGEND has it that the Best Friends "murder-for-hire" gang in Detroit, Michigan not only terrorised their own communities but rival drug dealers' too, in a brutal dog-eat-dog orgy of violence that epitomised the worst extremes of America's crack era. Law enforcement officials said that the gang murdered as many as 80 people between the late 1980s and early 1990s, resulting in comparisons to Murder Inc, the legendary Prohibition-era Mafioso death squad. In the chaos of the crack frenzy that gripped inner-city Detroit, the Best Friends were recognised as stone-cold killers who took what they wanted and murdered anyone who got in their way.

The crew, led by brothers Reginald "Rocking Reg," Terrance "Boogaloo," Gregory "Ghost" and Ezra "Wizard" Brown, started out as enforcers and contract killers, but it didn't take long for them to flip the script and start knocking off the drug dealers they were protecting, assuming control of their business operations and morphing into drug traffickers themselves.

Nate "Boone" Craft, who confessed to 30 murders, was the Best Friends' number one head hitter – a man who was as feared as he was lethal. Boone grew up on the Eastside of Detroit, learning to fight and fend for himself at an early age, before embarking on a career as one of the underworld's elite hitmen.

"From nine turning to 10, me and my friends, we was the fighters in the neighbourhood," Nate "Boone" Craft tells *PENTHOUSE*. "Everybody knew us, and they knew that, well, if you messed with Little Boone he's gonna come at you with something. He don't come with his fists. He's gonna come at you with a knife or a gun."

At this tender age, Boone met Charlie, the man who introduced him to his life of crime. A mentor of sorts, Charlie gave Boone packs of heroin to sell. Boone was happy with the two dollars he made from each pack, but he found that his true calling was in the enforcement field. Busting heads was what Boone did naturally, and even back then, he wasn't averse to putting in work and doing the dirty deeds in the drug trade that others shied away from.

"At nine and 10 we were small, but we was very rough," Boone says menacingly. "Everybody knew it. They still even talk about it today. They'd say, 'Yeah, man, I remember you back when you were young, dog. Yeah, okay, we were there, you want a lollipop? You knew me – that don't mean that you truly know of me.'"

Boone ended up locked up in a boys' home as a teen, where it became a daily ritual to prove himself. Survival of the fittest was the MO in juvenile hall and Boone found himself in conflict with others from the jump. He was smaller than most of the other boys, but that would soon change. Boone would eventually become a giant of a man, but he used his time in the boys' home to learn everything he could about being a criminal, while continuing to cement his reputation in the underworld as someone who wasn't afraid to do what needed to be done, no matter the circumstances.

"He's not scared of stabbing or shooting a person. He ain't afraid. He never say anything after he do it. He'd try to catch you by yourself, so there won't be no witnesses. That's the reputation I earned in the boys' home," Boone says.

"I don't need nobody telling on me or watching me do it. Then they got something over my head to blackmail me. That's what I learned inside. I finally got released, got back to the street. Still didn't understand what was going on out there because a lot of things changed during the five years I was locked up in the boys' home."

The drug game in the city of Detroit was on fire. It was the mid-'80s and the crack epidemic was raging in inner-city communities across the country. Trafficking organisation's with colourful names like Young Boys Incorporated (YBI), Pony Down, Chambers Brothers and the Curry Boys ruled the streets and dealers like Maserati Rick, D. Holloway, White Boy Rick and Big Ed moved weight. Flashy drug dealers cruised around the inner-city and were the epitome of ghetto royalty in high-end, luxury vehicles like BMWs, Mercedes and Maseratis. They were the talk of the town. Sporting brand name clothes, dime pieces on their arm, rolls of cash in their pockets and armed to the teeth, they represented

the capitalistic manifestation of the Black Panther legacy.

"When I came home from prison I had all that tension and anger in me, so I went and fought in a tough man contest," Boone tells *PENTHOUSE*. "Boogaloo, Reg and all them saw me fight and Maserati Rick saw it too. After the fight, Reg said he wanted to talk business. He told me there's money to be made. He gave me five hundred. 'Let's talk privately, just me and you,' Reg said. 'If we gave you 10 thousand more, will you kill a motherfucker?'"

Boone was looking for a gig and didn't have any qualms about whacking someone out for money. If a person was in the drug business or criminal underworld then they had it coming in Boone's mind. Justifiable homicide. There was no honour among thieves in the crack era. It was a vicious landscape of betrayals, double crosses, and duplicity. Snitches get stitches was the street code, but other than that it was anything goes and Best Friends were in the thick of the drama.

"I didn't know Reg had so many enemies," Boone says. "I told them to give me a hit list and don't worry about it. When you see that they disappeared, then you know I was on my job, but I don't need you to be there watching me do it. I don't even want anybody to ride with me."

Boone's approach to taking contracts was similar to the assassin in *The Professional*. He was singular and focused. He didn't want any witnesses. He wanted it clean and precise. But he discovered that his new partners were like gunslingers in the Old West: Best Friends took the Scarface mentality to heart.

"Scowling and brutish, Best Friends cut imposing figures, all standing at least six-foot-two and weighing over 230 pounds," Scott Bernstein, author of *The Detroit True Crime Chronicles*, tells *PENTHOUSE*. "While predecessors like YBI and Pony Down murdered in the name of profit and greed, the Best Friends did it for pure fun. They were burly and intimidating and took pleasure in hurting people."

Best Friends didn't have a problem busting off in shopping centres, at a car wash or in the middle of the street during the day. Boone tried to teach them a better way to resolve their beefs, but old habits die hard. Boone knew death was always around the corner and being a survivor was his main objective. He knew it was only a matter of time before a bullet caught him in the head.

"Most of the time when I rode with them I didn't know if they were going to do anything or not. They'd pull up and everybody would be jumping out. Them fools done took me on a shootout, what they called a drive-by, but these niggas don't drive-by, they jump out and chase people," Boone says. "Instead of shooting the fool from the car, they'll jump out and run over there – blam, blam, blam, blam – they'd hit him or anybody else. That's why I told them: You all accidentally shooting people that ain't got nothing to do with it, or you're shooting people that you shouldn't be shooting at. The person that you want is that person. I can show you how to get that person without interfering with no-one else. You get them from a distance or up close."

With Best Friends taking on all comers, knocking rival dealers off, robbing and killing their connections and taking contracts out on anyone, Detroit's underworld became pure pandemonium.

In the chaos, two of the Brown brothers, Ghost and Ezra, got murdered. With bullets flying from so many different directions, Best Friends didn't know who was gunning for them, so they just put everybody in Detroit's drug game on the hit list and Boone was happy to oblige. If somebody had money on their head, then Boone was coming for them. He was a straight contract killer, and money talked.

"At first we all wanted money. Then it turned into power. They wanted to knock off all the other drug dealers so they could take over their territory. They wanted to knock off as many as they could," Boone says. "But the word was out, and a bunch of rival dealers had a meeting about taking out Best Friends. That's when they went after the Brown Brothers. After that, we went after the Curry Boys, White Boy Rick, and the Chambers Brothers. They started putting people on the list, saying, 'These are all the other people we need to knock off.'"

Best Friends had little or no regard for human life and they would kill anyone for the right price. "If their goal was to take somebody out, they'd kill everybody and anybody around. Their reign of terror put the entire community – criminals and innocent people alike – in constant fear." DEA agent turned federal prosecutor F. James King said Best Friends would "pull up in cars in broad daylight" and let loose with an Uzi. They had no fear. Under Boone's tutelage, they were on *Grand Theft Auto*-type missions.

"Three days out of the week we'd go riding, spot people, follow them to where they're going and try to find out what they do, how many times they do it and where their safe house is, where they park their car and where they lay their head," Boone tells *PENTHOUSE*. "Once we find out that info then we'll go there again and do basically the same thing. They do it a third time and we're at that spot. That's their ass."

With all the murders Rocking Reg kept catching cases. He did his work out in the open and had complete confidence that Boone would take

care of any witnesses that dared to take the stand against him. When he went to prison, Boogaloo was in charge. One time Boone and the youngest Brown brother got into a dispute. Boone choked Boogaloo and told him that he'd cut him into little pieces in the bathtub and flush him down the toilet. But it never came to that. Boone talked to Rocking Reg, and out of respect for him, he let it lie.

There was a lot of money for everyone. Even though Rocking Reg was locked up, Best Friends was knee-deep in the drug game, making millions from selling cocaine. Boogaloo kept his circle small, and his associates close, but with the feds circling and his dislike of Boogaloo intensifying, Boone was making plans to get out. He knew other drug barons like D. Holloway were scheming to make Best Friends obsolete.

"D. Holloway didn't want any dealings with Best Friends even though he knew us," Boone says. "But behind our backs, he talked about us and said to Maserati Rick, 'What the fuck you with those fools for man? Those fools are gonna fuck around and try to take everybody down – they doing crazy shit.'"

Best Friends eventually had Maserati Rick shot, and when he didn't die, they paid a visit to his hospital room and finished the job. D. Holloway was eventually murdered as well, while shopping

‘ THE HOMICIDE DETECTIVE PUT MONEY ON PEOPLE'S HEADS, APPROVED HIT LISTS, ARRANGED PROTECTION FOR DEALERS, AND MADE CASES DISAPPEAR ,



at this favourite store, *Broadway*, for designer socks, thousands of dollars and a gun in his pocket. That was Detroit in the 1980s – money and violence.

“We had the money count machine sitting there in my house. Boogaloo brought a van, and we unloaded it all in my house while he was sitting there running the money through the machine. When he got to \$1.6 million he said, ‘Okay, bag it up.’ Then he’d meet up with some Colombian and get more shit. I was like, damn,” Boone tells *PENTHOUSE*. “I want to know if I shoot all these niggas would anybody miss ‘em, ‘cause money was power to me and I knew that they would do it to somebody else anyway. He bagged it up in duffle bags and bounced. I think after that he got kind of nervous of me. I think he might have peeked a move on how I was looking at him.”

Despite his own scheming, Boone stayed above the fray and kept tabs on what was going on through law enforcement’s go-to guy for drug dealers, corrupt homicide detective Gil Hill. A major figure in Detroit’s criminal underworld scene and on the political front, Hill not only appeared in Eddie Murphy’s *Beverly Hills Cop* movies, he also effectively called the shots in the city’s drug game. With a cadre of corrupt cops, and allegedly reporting straight to the mayor, Hill was a powerful figure in the Detroit underworld.

“If you made our list, you was going to be killed. But Gil was like, ‘Nah, don’t mess with this one, I’m working a deal with him,’” Boone tells *PENTHOUSE*. “I can’t ask no more questions because that’s not my job. My job is only to do what they ask if they’ve got the money. I would leave, but the other drug lords would tell everybody, ‘Hey, don’t mess with this person, Gil don’t want us to fuck with ‘em. Gil got something up on him, or he’s gonna do a favour for Gil, or Gil gonna do a favour for him. So he made the Don’t Touch list”

The homicide detective put money on people’s heads, approved hit lists, arranged protection for dealers, made cases disappear and got dealers to help set up rival dealers. Amazingly, even though Hill was a suspect in the FBI’s investigation, he didn’t go down in the early ‘90s police corruption probe in Detroit. He manipulated the criminal justice system to suit himself. He was the real untouchable in Detroit’s underworld.

“He would tell us to put a gun in somebody’s car, one of our enemies,” Boone says. “Then he’d have the police pull up on ‘em and ask, ‘Wait, is that a gun on your seat?’ ‘Cause the people don’t know we just sneaked a gun into their car. We did the same thing with drugs. He used to tell us to set people up with drugs. We’d go put some drugs in the motherfucker’s car. We’d go throw a half a brick in there or something, then we’d tell the cops.”

But eventually, the gig was up. The empire the Brown Brothers created was floundering. Ghost and Wizard were dead. Rocking Reg was serving life in prison for allegedly murdering one of White Boy Rick’s partners. Boogaloo was on the run, a fugitive from justice. Boone knew his number was up. It was all coming back on Best Friends and karma was a bitch. Boone was ready to go down, but then he found out Boogaloo had something to do with his little brother getting killed.

“If somebody killed one of your family members you are going to try to get them, or you’re going to tell the law,” Boone tells

PENTHOUSE. “Unless you don’t give a damn about your family being killed. Some people will do that, but I couldn’t. I already knew that Boogaloo was behind the killing of my little brother. I couldn’t get to him, so I went to the DEA and told them I can help you get this motherfucker. I figure if we get him, then we send him to prison and my friends in there are gonna butcher his ass. He had a contract on his ass in prison.”

Boone was in damage control mode and instead of facing life in prison for his crimes, he was looking to make a deal with the feds and do a Sammy the Bull. In his mind, it was justified because he wanted Boogaloo dead. But Boogaloo was trying to tie up loose ends and have Boone shot dead.

“To give up Boogaloo and Best Friends the feds gave me immunity across the table for any of my own crimes. I admitted that I was involved with 30 murders,” Boone says. “They said, ‘Okay, but we’re going to find you guilty for these two. You have to tell us who they were, where you did them and who helped you. I gave them the detail on all that. The judge asked, ‘Can’t you find somebody else to make the deal with?’ But the papers were signed and they knew I was the only one who was willing to give them Best Friends. I gave them up. They killed my little brother and then they tried to kill me.”

“They gave me immunity. Everybody was like how the hell can they do that? But they wanted Boogaloo more than me. They wanted these people that I was gonna give them more than me, and they figured they’d get them to flip on somebody even bigger. That’s what they were planning on doing – eat up the chain. I was just giving them these people, that’s all. The rest of the people I know about, I wouldn’t have given them up. They didn’t have nothing to do with me going to prison or me getting shot or killing my little brother, so I kept my mouth shut.”

The feds wouldn’t get Boogaloo, though. He was killed by one of his own guys. A long-time crew member murdered Boogaloo and stole the

‘buy’ money for a 100-kilo load of cocaine. The remaining Best Friends were tracked down and charged for that murder as well.

Boone didn’t have to testify against anyone. He was shipped off to do his time in the federal Witsec program, a secret program in the federal Bureau of Prisons where high-profile witnesses can do their time safely.

“The state gave me 12 to 20. The feds gave me 17,” Boone says. “The state and the feds came up with an agreement that they’ll run the sentences together. I wouldn’t do no more than 12 and a half years and then I’d be released.”

In 2008 Boone was released from prison and moved back to his old Detroit neighbourhood where he still resides today. Unafraid of anyone connected to Best Friends or Detroit’s police force trying to kill him, Boone moves around the Eastside of Detroit freely.

“We were young fools then,” he says. “I wish I could turn back the hands of time and just stay straight and start a small business. When you become a gangster or hitman, you get shot up. You get tore up. There is no such thing as retirement. Prison, death or getting crippled is your future. I’ve been to prison. I’m crippled. I can’t even move my hands. My leg is torn up. I have to walk with a cane. But yet this is me. I’m free.”

‘
**IF SOMEBODY HAD
MONEY ON THEIR
HEAD, THEN BOONE
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LORENZO Botero is a 22-year-old photographer and business student based in Miami. Over four years working as a professional photographer he has shot campaigns for Jaguar, Mercedes-Benz and Hyatt Hotels. Lorenzo is self-taught and doesn't believe in photography lessons.

PH: Who – or what – inspires you?

LB: I'm inspired by Slim Aarons, Henrik Purienne, Quentin Tarantino and Helmut Newton.

How did you get started in photography and how's it going?

I kicked off my photography career by shooting cars, and today I am paid to travel by shooting campaigns and hotels wherever I go. I'm dating a model, the naked girl lying on the beach. I met her on a shoot in Miami.

I produce plexiglass prints of my favourite shots and sell them through top galleries in Miami, London, Paris and NYC. I am the creative director in all my shoots, and I prefer to shoot with no-one else on set.

I'm working on a short film and a coffee table book that will be released around May this year.

Tell us about this awesome series of photos.

It was shot throughout 2016, and even though I visited more than 12 countries last year, this series is narrowed down to include four islands and cities. I am hoping to do shoots in South Africa, Japan, Dubai and Iceland within the next six months.

What do you love about travel?

I get bored if I am in the one place for too long. I like to explore the unknown and be spontaneous. Some of the best shots of my career were based on a split-second decision. When people travel, they're exposed to new environments, cultures and lifestyles that can inspire their creative minds.

What is special to you about shooting the female form?

The different angles that one can capture beauty from and the fact that no body is the same. I like the sensuality, the ability to be experimental and the chance to capture a woman's essence.

Can you finish this sentence for us?

Travel is...

Best measured in friends, rather than miles. ❶

Check out Lorenzo's other work at:

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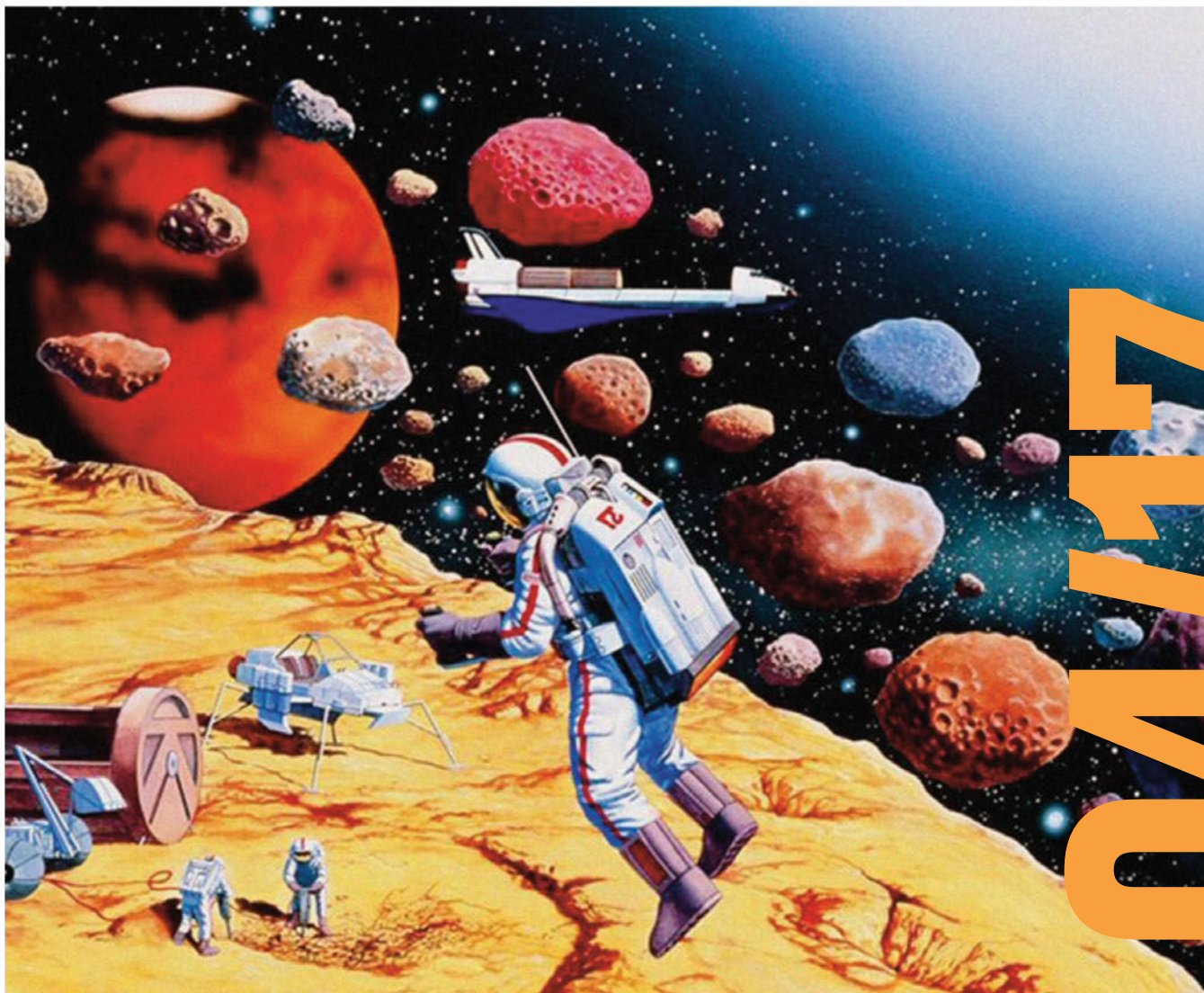
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THE REPORT

ROUGH SEAS

CHINA AND THE US ARE ON A COLLISION COURSE OVER DISPUTED REEFS IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA AND TAIWAN, WHILE CHINA HAS WARNED THE AUSTRALIAN MILITARY NOT TO DO FREEDOM OF NAVIGATION PATROLS OR IT WILL BE AN “IDEAL TARGET”. **BEN BOHANE** GOES TO SEA WITH FILIPINO PATRIOTS IN ONE OF THE WORLD’S MAJOR FLASHPOINTS.



I WAS expecting trouble from the Chinese Coast Guard, but I wasn't expecting the weather to be even more hostile. Ten hours out to sea in a little Filipino fishing canoe called a *bangka* and I am in the middle of the first typhoon of the season. It's night and there are screaming 40-knot winds, waves crashing over the boat, torrential rain and the rank aroma of vomit and diesel fumes in the air, while I am literally clinging to the main mast for dear life. It's like a scene from fucking *Moby Dick*.

Having left from the southern tip of Palawan (the Philippines), even as local police and border officials tried to stop us, we were headed for Second Thomas Shoal in the Spratley islands. Our plans were to resupply a dozen Filipino marines living on a rusting old landing craft from World War II. Known as the Sierra Madre or L57, it had been deliberately beached atop the reef more than 20 years ago to claim Filipino sovereignty.

The captain is old enough to have weathered a few storms and knows when it is time to turn back. It's too dangerous to head to port so we spend the next 24 hours riding the swell back and dropping anchor near the coast, hoping it won't drag and have us dashed against the reef. We spend a few days ashore in a Muslim village where some of the volunteers decide to leave. Those of us left have to summon enough enthusiasm to try again, and we do.

This is how, in mid-2016, I found myself in a fishing boat with a dozen patriots from a group called Kalayaan Atin Ito (KAI), trying to plant the Filipino flag on disputed reefs in the South China Sea, or as they call it, the West Philippine Sea.

I ask their leader, Vera Joy Ban-Eg, why this group of young volunteers are here. Ms Ban-Eg, a former army lawyer, says, "We are not nationalists, we are patriots. We have to do something to show the Filipino people that this region belongs to us so that we can continue to travel there and our fishermen can fish there, like they have always done."

Onboard for the second attempt we have boxes of food, a case of beer, DVDs, a dozen live chickens and a goat for the troops on L57, who must survive by fishing their reef and relying on food drops every few months from the Philippines Air Force. Chinese Coast Guard ships block the entrance to the shoal, preventing the Philippine Navy from resupplying its own troops there.

This is a maritime Alamo unlike anything I have ever seen: a handful of isolated Filipino marines, surrounded by Chinese ships, desperately flying the flag to prevent the further annexation by China of the entire South China Sea.

It is one reef in a sea of disputed reefs that have seen regional nations scramble over the past 50 years to claim. For years, there have been quiet battles between Navies, fishermen and Coast Guards among claimant nations, but the stakes are rising as China ignores the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea (UNCLOS) ruling and the US and Australia continue to assert the right to do freedom of navigation patrols.

Some analysts worry Australia is "sleep-walking" into a conflict with China by following the US into this cauldron. Others suggest Australia needs to harden up and support

neighbouring Southeast Asian nations such as the Philippines and Vietnam as they try to hold the line against an expanding China. Whatever your views, this explosive region is somewhere that we need to get a grip on. That begins with some history.

For years, antiquarian map dealers in dusty shops around the world have been doing a roaring trade in historic maps depicting the dozens of small islands and reefs in the South China Sea. Regional governments have sent agents to find maps that can help them "weaponise" history by helping build legal cases to claim sovereignty.

This is an ancient trade route which for 1000 years connected China and Japan with traders from Java, Borneo, India and everywhere across Asia. Today it is estimated half the world's trade passes through these waters, making it the world's most strategic waterway.

While ancient kingdoms traded through these waterways, no-one claimed sovereignty over the reefs until recent decades. Ironically, the old maps that highlighted these little reefs and shoals mentioned them primarily as navigational aids so captains could skirt them, rather than becoming shipwrecked on shallow reefs, as so many did. These "treacherous shoals" were places to avoid, not claim.

I can see just how shallow as we get closer to L57, more than

26 hours into our second attempt to get there. I soon realise why the KAI volunteers have chosen to use a shallow-draft fishing boat despite the cramped conditions. One is that we look like a normal fishing boat as seen through the binoculars of watching Navies. The second reason becomes apparent when we have spotted a large Chinese Coast Guard cutter moving at speed towards us, with its siren wailing and demands for us to stop. With our target L57 a few kilometres ahead of us, we are able to move smoothly over the shallow reef while the Chinese cutter has to stop

chasing us or it will hit the reef. Clear! With whoops from the crew we speed on, focused on the looming rust bucket ahead while guitars gently weep to the strains of patriotic songs.

The Filipino marines are excited to have visitors bearing gifts and we spend half the day chatting and snorkelling to see the conditions of the reef. Not good: it is easy to compare patches of pristine coral next to areas where the reef has been stripped of life. Giant clam shells once thrived here and all that's left is broken bits of white coral. The marines assert that as part of China's reclamation activities to build and militarise reefs, they have been sending teams of divers underwater to inject cyanide into the coral. By killing the reefs they make it easier to crush the coral and use it for building material to create raised islands from submerged reefs. As we leave L57 we notice what looks at first like a Chinese fishing boat but it is actually an empty dive boat, its divers probably underwater nearby.

With all the focus on geopolitical tensions in the South China Sea, it is easy to overlook that a great environmental crime is also underway here as competing nations – but mainly China – overfish the region and degrade the reefs which ultimately support millions of people. China's government subsidises the Chinese fishing fleet, allowing them to range widely across

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the Pacific hoovering up fish while acting as the eyes and ears of the Chinese military. Filipino and other fishing fleets struggle to compete since their fuel is not subsidised.

Increasingly, the Chinese fishing fleet has become something of a grey zone between civilian and military. In recent years, China has established a fishing militia – known as its “third force” – whose members are armed and move around in fishing boats with steel hulls so they can ram the wooden hulls of fishing boats belonging to the Filipinos or Vietnamese.

The two most volatile areas involve Filipino fishermen and China in the eastern Spratleys, and between Vietnamese fishermen and the Chinese around the Paracel islands; once Vietnamese, but occupied by China since a fierce battle in 1974. A recent pivot by Manila under President Duterte towards Beijing has calmed tensions in that area, with an agreement to allow Filipino fishermen to operate in Chinese-controlled areas such as Scarborough Shoal, but many Filipinos are wary of any deals with China. Malaysia and Brunei have also gone quiet on their claims as they look to China.

Indonesia and Vietnam continue to draw lines in the sand against China's military expansion in the South China Sea, but right now, Vietnam has found itself largely alone, facing an ancient rival. In 1974 China took the Paracels and has been working towards absorbing all the Spratleys ever since.

Nonetheless, the Vietnamese are on the frontline of South China Sea confrontations now as competing nations have so far kept their Navies from intervening to avoid escalation. It is a delicate Coast Guard

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**IN RECENT YEARS CHINA HAS
ESTABLISHED A FISHING MILITIA
– KNOWN AS ITS “THIRD FORCE” –
WHOSE MEMBERS ARE ARMED**
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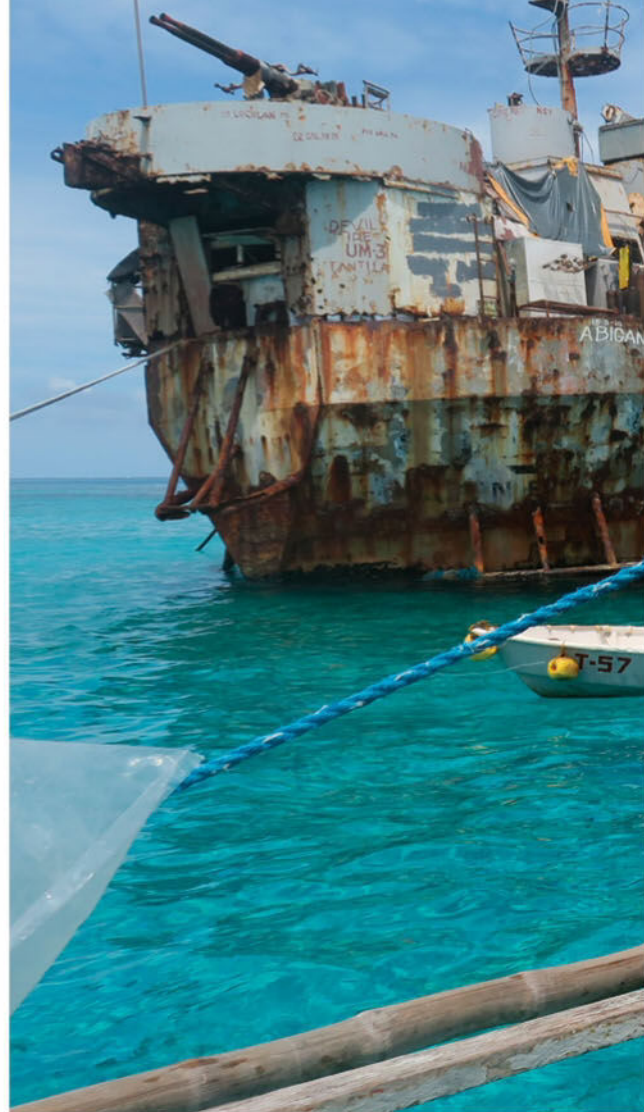
war instead, as fishermen and Coast Guard vessels manoeuvre in rival waters. There are incidents every week, if not every day; chases, boardings, beatings and sinkings. Much of it goes on under the radar.

This could be the region where Australia's military becomes entangled in the years ahead, while a maverick President Trump has already signalled a more confrontational approach to China, especially if the US formally recognises Taiwan.

Back in Manila after our trip, I catch up with Vera Joy and the KAI crew on the night of the UNCLOS tribunal ruling. There have been press conferences during the day and much anticipation. When the TV fails to work in the booked venue, there is a last-minute scramble to find a nearby place with decent cable TV reception. Suddenly we are all squeezing into a Shakey's pizza joint and turning up the live coverage.

The room goes batshit when the Hague ruling is announced: that China has no legal claim to any of the reefs it has been fortifying in the Spratleys. It is a major victory for the Philippines, which brought the case to court, and I can see tears of joy among the KAI crew as they yell and wave their flags.

China's vast fishing fleet and blue-water Navy are sailing ever further into Pacific. What happens in the South China Sea from here on determines much of the peace and security in our region. Next time I go to sea though, I just have to remember to avoid typhoon season: running the gauntlet of a small Chinese armada is enough to deal with, thank you. ❶







ANTON

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA SEA

IF YOU WANT TO SEE HOW UNHINGED THE GLOBAL RESPONSE TO TRUMP HAS BECOME, LOOK NO FURTHER THAN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA CRISIS.

BY BRENDAN O'NEILL

THOSE who view Trump as Hitler Version 2.0, as a tangerine-coloured reincarnation of 1930s-style insanity, are holding up his heated banter over China as evidence of how mad he is.

By throwing his weight around in this part of the world, Trump threatens to unleash fresh hell, they say.

The media chatter about China has been turned up to apocalyptic levels. "The end of life as we know it", said one British newspaper headline about the Trump-China stand-off.

Experts warn that Trump could "spark World War III and a conflict of unparalleled violence". In promising to protect islands in the sea currently claimed by nations such as Taiwan and Brunei but being jealously eyed by China, the blundering Trump threatens to give rise to "nuclear war", reports claim.

It's a rehash of the fears of the 1980s, only with China standing in for the Soviet Union.

Back in the 80s a generation of schoolkids was trained to think that a nuke-fuelled war with the Ruskies could happen at any moment, and only cockroaches would survive.

Now some want us to feel the same dread about war with China. If Trump keeps upping the ante it will cause "economic calamity" and "inflict carnage on the planet", newspapers say. Stewth. Build your bunkers.

We need some perspective. Yes, the crisis in the South China Sea is serious. It involves two of the most powerful nations on earth who disagree bitterly on which parts of the sea and its islands belong to which nations: China, Taiwan, Brunei, Malaysia, the Philippines or Vietnam. It's a heady cocktail of claim and counter-claim.

But the end of life as we know it? The war to end all wars? Calm down.

It's striking that the language of the actual participants in the stand-off doesn't remotely match the media rhetoric.

So while the press warns us of the destruction of the world, a Chinese Foreign Ministry spokesman merely says: "We urge the US side to take a responsible attitude..."

In global diplomacy terms, it's fairly stiff language, yes. China is clearly pissed off. But does it sound like China, or the U.S.,

is about to fire a nuke? Hardly. The gap between the media rhetoric and official statements is vast.

This tells us something important about this crisis: that it's being used not only by Trump to assert his authority in the world but also by Trump's critics as a way of presenting him as the most maniacal leader of modern times.

There are two problems with this. The first is that in the process of demonising Trump, the media whitewashes Barack Obama and what he did. Again.

So lots of the coverage of the South China Sea crisis points out that China is especially unhappy with America's deployment of the THAAD missile system in South Korea. America presents this as a way of helping South Korea to protect itself from North Korea, but the Chinese think America is also sending a sly signal to them: "Know your place."

Reading the coverage, you'd be forgiven for thinking Trump gave these China-warning missiles to SK. But of course, he hasn't been in the job long enough to dish out weapon systems to faraway allies. No, Obama did it.

Obama also held cocky conferences with some of the protagonists in the South China Sea crisis – Taiwan, the Philippines, Malaysia – promising to support their standing.

In short, it was Obama who upped the ante in that sea, and helped

militarise the situation. But no-one talked back then about doom or calamity. They're only doing that now because Trump is in charge. Yet Trump inherited this crisis.

The second problem is that the media's cynical fear-mongering over Trump vs China threatens to make things worse.

They're turning a crisis into an apocalypse; tension into calamity. They're injecting the crisis with craziness. This could have the effect of entrenching divisions, and encourage all sides to go in harder. It's a dangerous game.

This shows that it isn't only Trump who might be a destabilising force in the world – anti-Trumpism could be too. In the name of shaming the new president, his critics are engaging in war talk that has little basis in reality but which could end up warping reality. They warn of doom, yet dream of it too; they seem to want calamity. Anything to show up Trump, right? **1**

IN SHORT, IT WAS OBAMA WHO UPPED THE ANTE IN THAT SEA, AND HELPED MILITARISE THE SITUATION. BUT NO-ONE TALKED BACK THEN ABOUT DOOM OR CALAMITY





ISLAND OF KINK

**SPEND A WEEK IN THE SUN AS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S SLAVE.
PACK A TOWEL, SOME SUNSCREEN AND YOUR FINEST LATEX.
BY RONNIE BOOGARD**

YOU'VE flown halfway across the world in a tiny, cramped seat for hours on end before finally arriving at Customs. Now, you nod obediently as the stern official regards you with an air of open contempt. If you're especially unlucky, you may be forced to strip naked and cop a finger up your arse. Never mind, you'll shortly be kicking back in a luxury resort for a week of tropical bliss. Now imagine: You enter your suite and a strict-looking lady dressed in an officer's uniform orders you to strip naked, after which you'll hope to be locked into a tiny, cramped cage for hours on end, and, if you're especially lucky, have a finger stuck up your arse. This is the broad premise of Dommetrips, a femdom-themed Caribbean getaway where submissive men can hop on an international flight to spend their entire vacation cowered at the feet of a Mistress, attending to Her every demand. We speak to founder Domina Bellicose about the ultimate in sunny servitude.

You describe yourself as a "lifestyle Domina". Can you explain what this means?

I am a lifestyle Domina because I practice BDSM in my personal life, but I am not a professional Mistress. I have a full-time live-in slave who I am also in a relationship with, and together we attend fetish events all over the world.

One of those events, obviously, is Dommetrips, which you've been running for the past seven years. Can you tell us a little about the concept?

The event welcomes couples and singles for an all-inclusive week of fetish fun in the sun, featuring an indoor dungeon and an outdoor dungeon beside the ocean. The resort offers a large pool, a hot-tub, two restaurants, three bars and a nightclub. You can expect nightly fetish themes and daily kinky games as well as a group boating and snorkelling excursion in latex and a kinky wardrobe. This is a resort takeover with a 24/7 fetish vibe throughout. You can wear your rubber to breakfast and all the way through to late-night snacks.

Who do the events cater to?

We cater to the kinky and the curious, including professional Dommies and their slaves, kinky couples, fetish models and performers and latex fetishists from around the globe. We've had attendees from the US, Canada, the UK, Australia, the Netherlands, Dubai, Egypt, Germany and Russia.

The intrepid researcher will note the seemingly endless number of sub-kinks present under the Dommies' umbrella.

Can you outline some of the participants' various interests?

We have people who are into public and private play, chastity devices, foot worship, golden showers, bondage, smoking fetishes, whipping, caning, flogging, encasement, smothering, cross-dressing and some who just enjoy service. There's nothing wrong with following a beautiful woman around, taking orders from her all week by the pool! We embrace everyone who's respectful, and even if people aren't into someone else's kink, it doesn't mean they don't enjoy watching it.

Fetish events carry a distinctly performative element, operating at the intersection of BDSM and exhibitionism. Do you think there's a reason why BDSM is especially conducive to or concerned with cultivating an open, supportive community above other kinks?

I think that when you get any group of like-minded people together, there is a good amount of cohesion. Most people outside the community have a problem distinguishing play and sex, while the people in the kink community have a better understanding and mutual respect.

Some final nuts and bolts before we get to the ropes and chains. Number of participants, location, length and cost to attend?

We've had as many as 120 people and as few as 35 when the event was small. No matter the number, we always have a good time. The current resort in Jamaica has 80 rooms and we hope to fill them all this year. Depending on the room type, you can spend as little as \$1750 for a single person reservation and up to \$3300 for an

ocean-front double-occupancy room. This is for an all-inclusive seven-night stay that includes food, alcohol and entertainment.

What should I pack?

Bring fetish attire that you'd like to wear and any toys you'd like to play with. No knives and nothing flammable. We have dungeon equipment for our guests to use; spanking benches, St Andrews Crosses, suspension rigs and bondage gear.

I've always imagined that immigration officers would make for great Dommies. Any stories regarding BDSM paraphernalia in the baggage and problems with the local authorities? And what do you put down for "occupation" on your arrival card?

The only issues we've ever had travelling is with airport security. I've had them go through my bags before which has resulted in them pulling out dildos in front of people. But nothing was

**THIS IS A RESORT
TAKEOVER WITH A
24/7 FETISH VIBE
THROUGHOUT. YOU CAN
WEAR YOUR RUBBER
TO BREAKFAST**

ever confiscated, and they are always more embarrassed than I am. On my form, I usually put "educator", because I am. I teach classes to groups who are interested in an introduction to kink and to women who are curious about how to take charge in the bedroom.

A sunny, tropical paradise seems the total opposite of the dark fetish dungeon most often associated with BDSM culture. Does the sunshine deter some fetishists or are most happy to get some vitamin D and fresh air for a change?

I think people really enjoy the change of pace from a dark fetish nightclub. How many opportunities do you get to be surrounded by kinky people and play with an ocean view?

Are there any particular benefits to engaging in outdoors, daytime play? Do the Dommies get a special kick out of admiring the red welts of their whip-work in the bright light of day?

I think Dommies enjoy that no matter what the lighting is.

Any drawbacks or specific challenges? Sand in the latex? Rubber and the humidity? Sunburn?

I ask people to use common sense when playing outdoors in the sun. The nice part about wearing rubber at a tropical resort is that it looks great in the pool and you can easily cool off just by stepping in the water. I don't advise wearing it in the salt water for extended periods of time, but anyone who truly cares about their latex will take steps to wash it properly to ensure it's not damaged by the sand.

You host many activities, events and other entertainments during the trips, including the fantastic-sounding "Redneck Rubber Rodeo" hog-tie competition and "Pony Play Expo". What are some of the highlights of past events?

One of our activities was a slave obstacle course where the finish line was a lube slip-'n'-slide that ended at Lady Karma's ass. Look her up, the ass is amazing.

Excuse me for a moment . . .

We also have themes each night. Some examples from past years are "Kinky from Around the World" – dressing up in a fetish outfit representing a country, and "Baby You're an Animal" – which ranges from sexy kitty-cats to elaborate peacock feathers. And we have kinky games throughout the day where participants can earn Domme Dollars towards prizes in a raffle or a free trip for the following year. One of my favourites is called "Iron Domme", which is similar to Iron Chef. Domme/sub-partners are given a box of random "ingredients" to create a kinky scene and have about five minutes to prepare and present. This one usually leaves us all in tears of laughter.

Have you ever witnessed anything so wild as to have surprised a seasoned Domme such as yourself?

I never cease to be amazed at the things these creative people think up. For all other possible surprises, we bring our own kinky EMT – (Emergency Medical Technician).

We should probably talk about safety. Pina Coladas, swimming pools and ankle-cuffs sound like a potentially hazardous mix. Do you have any safety protocols in place?

This group is good about watching out for each other. If there is an issue where someone has had too much to drink, and we

feel that they are being unsafe, we will assess the situation after speaking with them and will ask them to stop if they have had too much.

And do you enforce any public hard-limits for the events?

Once again, respectful behaviour at all times.

It seems to me the best way to discipline a misbehaving masochist would be to not lay a finger on them. Have you ever had to eject anyone from an event?

Yes. A last-minute guest who showed up at the resort with no prearranged reservation. He was there for one day only. We determined that he was not a fit for our group, and we found him another resort where he could stay. Any behaviour that makes people feel uncomfortable is not tolerated.

Do you screen guests prior to their attendance?

Since we want everyone to feel comfortable at the event, all single males who want to attend need to either be referred from someone I trust or they must have a discussion with me personally to ensure they will be a good fit with their potential group. While the group that attends this event is very welcoming if you don't want to go it alone check out the "Global Goddess" tab on the Dommetrips website and see if there is a lady you'd like to sponsor for this amazing fetish event.

I see that the "Goddess" list features many high-profile fetish performers and models, including some known outside the scene such as Jewel Marceau. Are any other special guests confirmed to attend this year?

Along with myself, we will have Mistress Absolute, Jean Bardot, Goddess Phoenix, Lady Elizabeth, Ezada Sinn, Eden Winter, Goddess Soma, Goddess Deanna Storm, Miss Sheri Darling, Goddess Thunder, Mistress Nicolette Rule, Lady Karma, Mistress Precious, Maitresse Renee, Mistress Honey Hair, Mistress Megara Furie, Domme Jaguar, Vivian Darkblom, Lil Miss Natalie – she's a professionalsubmissive—and many more who have attended this event

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**ONE OF OUR ACTIVITIES
WAS A SLAVE OBSTACLE
COURSE WHERE THE
FINISH LINE WAS A LUBE
SLIP-'N'-SLIDE THAT ENDED
AT LADY KARMA'S ASS**
”

in the past and return year after year.

I have a terrible weakness for strong Latina types and would like to sponsor Domme Jaguar. What do I do next?

At that point, I simply encourage you to contact her directly to discuss sponsorship. Each of these ladies has a different list of what they expect, and it's best to communicate with them directly to arrange those details. Usually, sponsorship includes you paying for their stay and some or all of their flight costs to attend the event.

What's your final message to those who may be interested in attending the Dommies event?

This is an event where people can come as strangers and leave as lifelong friends. You can be young or old, fat or thin, male, female or transgender and so long as you bring a fun attitude, everyone will enjoy your company. Because we have so many people who attend year after year, this is like a fetish family reunion, but they all love meeting new people. ❶

"Pervs in Paradise" will be held at Club Ambiance in Runaway Bay, Jamaica from October 15-22, 2017. Email seymournaughty@hotmail.com for bookings or further details.





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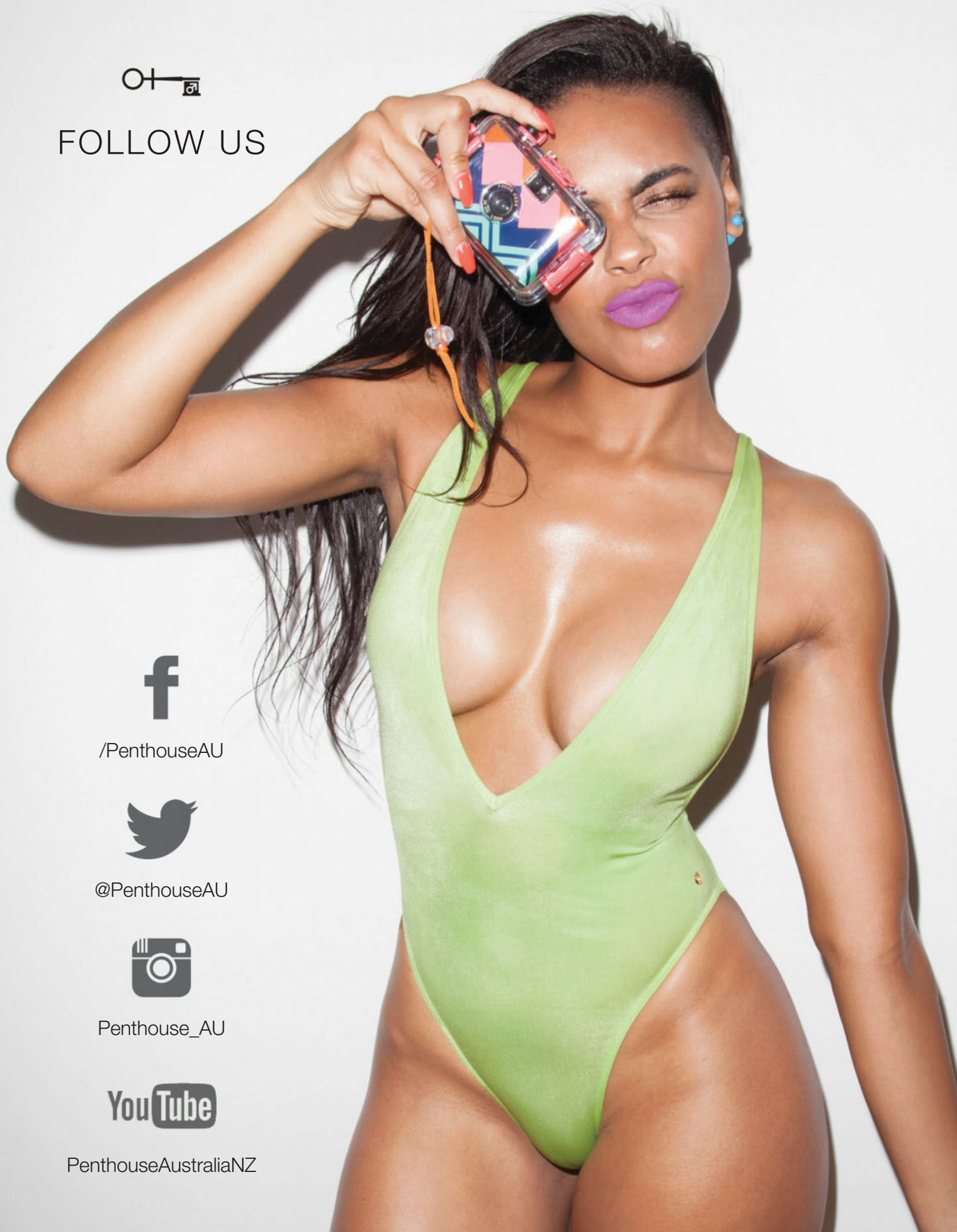
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CAMBODIAN MINE KILLER

AKI RA TOOK ON 50,000 LANDMINES WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A WRENCH AND A STICK.

BY SEAN BRUCE

A group of scientists recently reported that men with small balls have big hearts. If ladies are looking for a loyal and caring man, they need look no further than his dude-sack to find out whether he's the kind of guy to bring breakfast in bed or slip out the window at first light.

Aki Ra, a Cambodian man who has spent most of his life plucking landmines out of the jungle with little more than a wrench and a really sharp stick, is clearly an exception to this rule. It would hardly seem fair to accuse a man who personally removed more than 50,000 landmines from Cambodian soil of being heartless and anyone crazy enough to do something so mind-bogglingly badass clearly isn't lacking in the balls department.

But where does this story begin? Much like cocaine and listening to bad disco music, it all started in 1970s, when Aki Ra was conscripted by the Khmer Rouge as a child soldier and forced to plant landmines.

The Khmer Rouge, for the uninitiated, was the military group led by Pol Pot, a tyrannical dictator who made his mark on the country by systematically wiping out huge numbers of his own people.

During his 30-year reign of terror, Pol Pot and his band of psychopaths evacuated all major population centres and demanded that the entire citizenry farm the land or be killed. The Pol Pot regime exterminated one-third of the country's population for bizarre and arbitrary reasons, such as wearing glasses, having clean hands, being literate or entertaining anything resembling an independent thought.

And like a huge chunk of the population, Aki Ra's parents were caught up in Pol Pot's massacre, leaving the young boy orphaned at the behest of the Khmer Rouge. They used children to plant mines throughout the countryside because, according to their logic, their small hands were perfectly designed for the job.

The seemingly never-ending cycle of



waking up, burying death traps in the soil, getting kicked around and going to bed eventually ended in 1994, when the United Nations finally decided to intervene. By this stage, due to a steady regime of killing and mine planting, there were more landmines in Cambodia than there were people. It is a problem that still persists today.

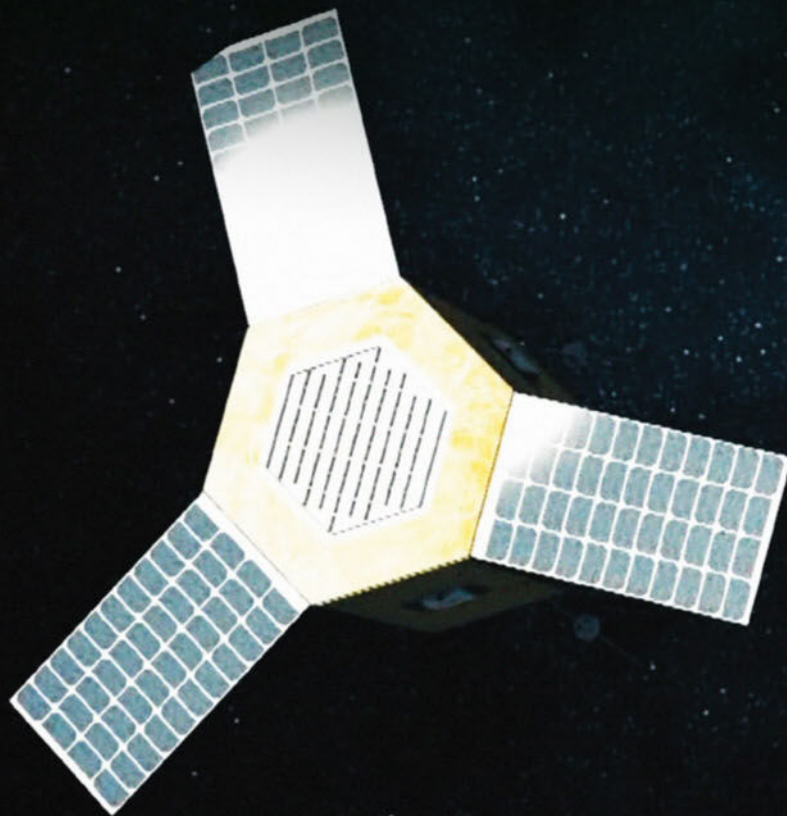
Aki Ra was understandably upset at having spent the greater part of his 30 years tilling the land with explosive death traps. So when he was offered the opportunity to train in mine detection and disposal, he used the experience he gained over a lifetime of mine farming and became the best, most badass mine sweeper this side of the South China Sea.

Aki Ra helped to remove thousands of mines under the guidance of the United Nations Mine Action Service. Unfortunately, de-mining equipment and personnel are expensive and eventually the UN left town with most of the job unfinished.

Not to be deterred by petty hurdles such as having "adequate safety gear" or "appropriate tools", Aki Ra took to the fields with nothing more than a wrench, his Leatherman and a stick, managing to disarm and dispose of more than 50,000 mines in 16 years.

Once he had got rid of the explosives, Aki would either sell the shell casings for scrap to fund his endeavour, or store them in his house. After hearing stories of the young Khmer man who cleared mine fields with a stick and a knife, tourists flocked to Aki's house to see his ever-growing collection of disarmed ordinance. He started charging \$1 for entry and the Cambodian Landmine Museum and School was born.

The museum, which is 25 kilometres north of Siem Reap in the Angkor National Park, continues to educate tourists and locals about landmines in Cambodia. Aki Ra now spends more time with his family of adopted children, each of whom have been injured in landmine-related incidents, than he does on the minefield. ❶



TECH

ASTEROID MINING COWBOYS

HUMANS love space. You could say we have an obsession with it. Whether we're stargazing, sending men to the moon, or arguing over the likelihood of extraterrestrial life, man is fixated on the big, endless vacuum. But for the most part we're earthbound, because sending people to space costs a shit-ton. Sure, we've been to the moon, and soon Mars, but then what?

A lack of fuel, funding and the ability to efficiently refuel in space make it impossible to travel farther than our closest cosmic cousins. Thankfully, one company is set to change all that. Deep Space Industries, a California-based asteroid mining company, recently announced its plans to undertake the first ever commercial deep-space mining mission. The mission, called Prospector-1, will travel to a near-earth asteroid to investigate its potential resources as early as 2019.

The craft, weighing only about 50 kilos when fuelled, will determine the composition of the asteroid by using visual and infrared scanning. Once a full scan is complete, the craft will land on the asteroid's surface and continue studying its geology. Although this is only a prospecting mission, the company plans to be mining resources in the 2020s.

What then?

Space is expensive. Sending 500 grams into orbit can cost as much as \$25,000. If we're to become a true space-faring civilisation, we'll need to build orbital/space infrastructure. Asteroid mining companies are working towards a future where ships can stock up at mining stations already orbiting earth. With resources on millions of asteroids circling the sun, asteroid mining could make exploring the solar system that much easier and, let's be honest, that much more awesome.

But wait, I thought we were mining the asteroids to send resources back to earth?

We are, but they will be used in two ways. Because of the costs involved in transporting goods to and from space, most of the material will be used to create an in-space economy. Asteroids will play a vital role in helping us spread ourselves throughout the solar system, creating an orbital/space infrastructure that will be used to create an in-space refuelling system. If successful, we would have the ability to hop between planets, refuelling at asteroid "gas stations," probing deeper into space than ever before. **1**

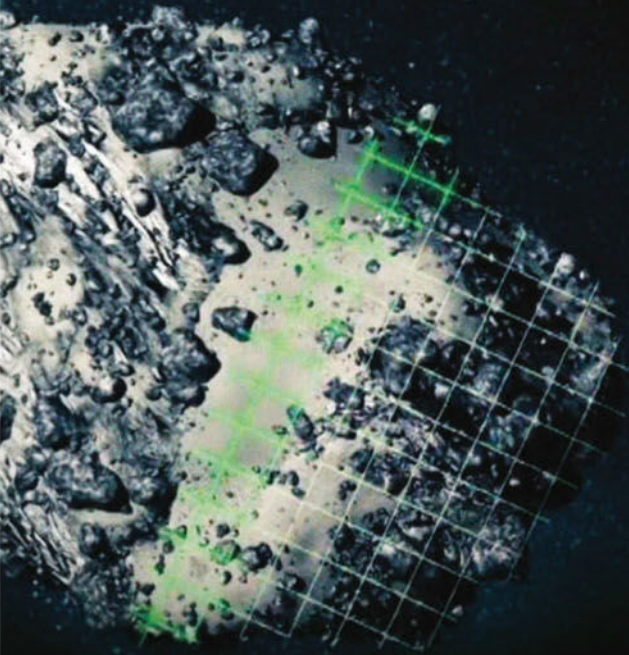
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DEEP SPACE DEEP POCKETS

There's big money in asteroid mining. An asteroid the size of your house can contain hundreds of tonnes of metal and about your weight in gold. It's estimated that of the 9,000 near-earth asteroids (the ones we can reach), the wealth value equals approximately \$100 billion per human on earth. Each asteroid alone is potentially worth trillions.

An asteroid is full of precious, platinum-group metals, and there's big money in it. These are metals that are rare on earth, but essential for manufacturing electronic and high-tech goods. There are approximately 1500 of these near-Earth asteroids known today that are easier to reach than the moon.



INSERT: Once on the asteroid's surface, Prospector-1 will continue to study its geology

LEFT: Prospector-1 will determine the composition of the asteroid using visual and infrared scanning



WHAT'S IN AN ASTEROID?

I C-TYPE (Carbon Type)

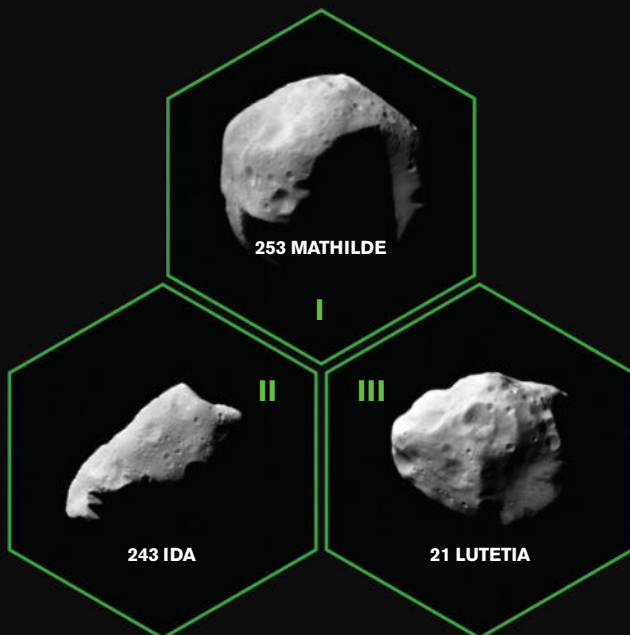
Carbon-rich asteroids are the most common, making up 75 percent of asteroids. They mostly contain water and other elements for life.

II S-TYPE (Silicate or stony asteroids)

Stony asteroids come in at a distant second, making up 17 percent of asteroids. They are less common but mineral-rich.

III M-TYPE (Metallic)

The M-Type are much less numerous and contain mostly nickel and iron. We would not be looking at bringing it home to earth, rather for building stuff in space.



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COLUMN

WELCOME TO ~~2017~~ 1984

THE ORWELLIAN UNDERTONES OF GILLIAN TRIGGS' WAR ON WORDS. BY BRENDAN O'NEILL

I WAS delighted to read that sales of George Orwell's dystopian novel *Nineteen Eighty-Four* have soared since Trump became president of the US. Apparently millennials, campus radicals and other anti-Trump folk have been devouring this tale of a warped world in which censorship and lies are rife, in order that they might better understand the "post-truth" Trump era.

This is brilliant because, if they read *Nineteen Eighty-Four* with a truly open mind, they'll see it's more about them than Trump. They'll realise that they are the true practitioners of the kind of authoritarianism Orwell so brilliantly depicted. I can picture their faces: "Shit, guys — is this novel about us?"

It's all there. Orwell's mad world has an Anti-Sex League that tut-tuts over intimacy between the sexes, bringing to mind 21st-century prudish feminism that thinks drunken sex can equate to rape and wolf whistling is a hate crime.

It has speech crime, where anyone who goes off-message can expect to be shut down: an early fictional version of PC, which likewise shames and shushes those who say "inappropriate" things.

And it has the Two Minutes Hate, where people gather to bawl at hate figures. Today we have Twitemobs and furious campus illiberals who similarly get their moral rocks off by fuming at "bad people".

But perhaps the main thing from *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that has been made real by today's intolerant elites is Newspeak. This is when the Party in Orwell's world rewrites language itself, erasing old words and inventing new ones. And it does this not merely to control how people speak, but how they think.

It's a sure sign of out-of-control authoritarianism when the overseers of society treat language as putty, moulding it to fit their own prejudices. And it's widespread today. Consider Gillian Triggs' recent proposal that the Oz Same Sex Marriage Bill should be renamed to avoid offending those people who don't identify as either sex.

Yes, the bizarre boss of the Human Rights Commission thinks that an entire piece of legislation should be renamed to protect the sensibilities of that infinitesimally small number of people who choose to defy logic and science by claiming to be neither man nor woman.

It's staggeringly arrogant. You know bureaucrats have got too big for their (jack)boots when they think they can dictate to us what

words we should use. It's ultimately about dictating how we should think. Triggs is really saying: "You must accept that some people have no sex. And you must change your language to show you accept this." She's trying slyly to impose her eccentric outlook on everyone else. She wants you to be more like her.

Such elite meddling with lingo is commonplace in the PC era. Some universities now encourage people to say "ze" instead of "he" and "she", to avoid offending trans people. On some US campuses you must now ask people their preferred pronoun before addressing them. (At the University of Michigan, one student chose the pronoun "His Majesty".)

In the world of reproductive health, Newspeak has gone really crazy. The British Medical Association says medical staff should stop using the phrase "expectant mothers" because it might offend trans people who are pregnant — that is women who claim to be men but clearly aren't men because *they're pregnant*.

France has started removing the words "mother" and "father" from official documents, replacing them with the more neutral "parents". It doesn't want to offend same-sex couples.

There's something really off with this attempted erasure of old words and invention of new ones, some of which are entirely alien to regular people. Who is going to use words like "ze" or "pregnant person"? Only strange people with PhDs in Gender Studies.

The first bad thing PC Newspeak does is erase identities. To scrub "mother" and "father" from official documents is to say these identities no longer matter very much. To say "pregnant person" instead of "pregnant woman" is to demean women, to deny that only they are capable of getting pregnant. (Men can't get pregnant. They just can't!)

And the second bad thing is the use of Newspeak to control us ideologically. Just like in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* it's about socially re-engineering us. It's about scrubbing our minds of "old-fashioned" terms in favour of making us think like them, our betters; making us as PC and Orwellian as they are.

Tyrants control ideas and attitudes by controlling language. That's the central theme of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Be very suspicious if anyone in authority ever says to you: "Stop using that word. Use this one instead." **1**



OUT-TRUMPING TRUMP

TAKE A LESSON FROM WINSTON CHURCHILL AND DISCOVER HOW
SLEEPING WITH THE ENEMY MIGHT GET US WHAT WE WANT.

BY CHARLES WATERSTREET

WHO doubts that Trump clicked his tiny fingers in 2011 to order Russian hookers to golden shower the very bed the Obamas had slept in just weeks before, while he lay under them? Who doubts 22-year-old sex worker Ivana Kamensky's claims that Trump had the smallest penis she had ever seen? "Genitals the size of a grape (barely one inch) when fully erect," she announced. Pictures of Trump's bedroom antics are now Vladimir Putin's most potent playing cards.

How then, can we mitigate the threat of a renegade POTUS, and one who's potentially at the behest of Russia's greatest supervillain? I propose Malcolm Turnbull immediately follow Winston Churchill's most daring secret spy orders to British Security Coordination (BSC) in the 1940s. Churchill dispatched the best-looking men in the forces to Washington to seduce the wives, mistresses and staff of the White House under President Roosevelt in order to prod, entice, overhear and encourage insular America into joining the European war.

The most successful swordsman was none other than children's book writer Roald Dahl, a dashing RAF pilot who had a slight injury but was tall, red-headed and built like Liam Neeson with Babe Ruth's ability to hit balls out of the park. Dahl's nose for scandal and his writer's ear, among other useful organs, served his country in bedding the heiress Evalyn Walsh McLean and the wife of the owner of *Time* magazine, Clare Boothe Luce. Such was his charm, he even worked his way into the circle of bisexual Eleanor Roosevelt, the First Lady. Dahl's co-conspirators included Noel Coward – if only his preferences lay that way – Ian Fleming and spies who might have been rank amateurs but were perfect lays. The BSC headquarters was in the Rockefeller Centre, now home of *Saturday Night Live*, where Alec Baldwin has revived his career lampooning Tweeter Trump to his heart's content.

Turnbull's ultimate target is Trump, who by his own admission would be easy meat. His extraordinary "pussy-grabbing" would make him putty in say, Jennifer Hawkins' hands. Turnbull has a world-class SWAT team at his disposal – the Hemsworth brothers, the Minogue sisters and the versatile Hugh Jackman, who could swing any way he wants. However, there is also room for the perfect pincher movement.

Target Melania, whose eyes resemble fresh stab wounds, but

who has suffered much at the incy-wincy spider fingers of her much older husband. And Australia has the greatest Ace for this crucial task up its short white sleeve, in the spinning fingers of Shane Warne, whose wrongun' stumped Elizabeth Hurley in her tracks amid a trail of maidens that he bowled middle stump nearly every second ball.

Warney's hands are a national treasure and when he dies they should be stuffed and mounted in the National Museum, alongside Phar Lap's heart. His digital abilities with balls followed him off the field with smartphones – his texts ought to be collected for Australia's equivalent of the *Kama Sutra*. Like Dahl himself, he had an unnatural way with words.

Melania would clearly be putty in Warney's hands if only we could get him into Trump Tower or the White House undetected.

SUCH WAS ROALD DAHL'S CHARM, HE EVEN WORKED HIS WAY INTO THE CIRCLE OF BISEXUAL ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. DAHL'S CO-CONSPIRATORS INCLUDED IAN FLEMING AND SPIES WHO WERE PERFECT LAYS

Joe Hockey must immediately be recalled as he would not pull his weight on this secret Churchillian mission. He can barely get his stubby fingers around a cigar. Warne should be posted as Australian Ambassador to the US, along with his sealed orders and accompanied by Johnny Lewis, the legendary tapeman who kept Kostya Tsyu's hands warm and supple through many World Championships. And I hereby offer my humble self as West Wing man to shuffle Warne through the corridors and bedrooms of power.

Dahl and his co-conspirators' collection of pillow talk were

carefully encrypted and cabled to British intelligence with real-time information on American thinking, even before their wives had told them what to do. And now they have been captured in Jennet Conant's marvellous book, *The Irregulars: Roald Dahl and the British Spy Ring in Wartime Washington*.

It's no disgrace to repeat history, especially Churchill's. Turnbull must call to arms the elite of Australia's able-bodied men and women to fall onto American swords and sheaths and dissuade the Master Apprentice from charging out America's services to other countries by the hour and by the day, like hotel suites.

Jennet Conant's The Irregulars: Roald Dahl and the British Spy Ring in Wartime Washington tells the story of the beloved children's author's involvement in INTREPID, Britain's legendary covert operation to draw the US into World War II. **1**

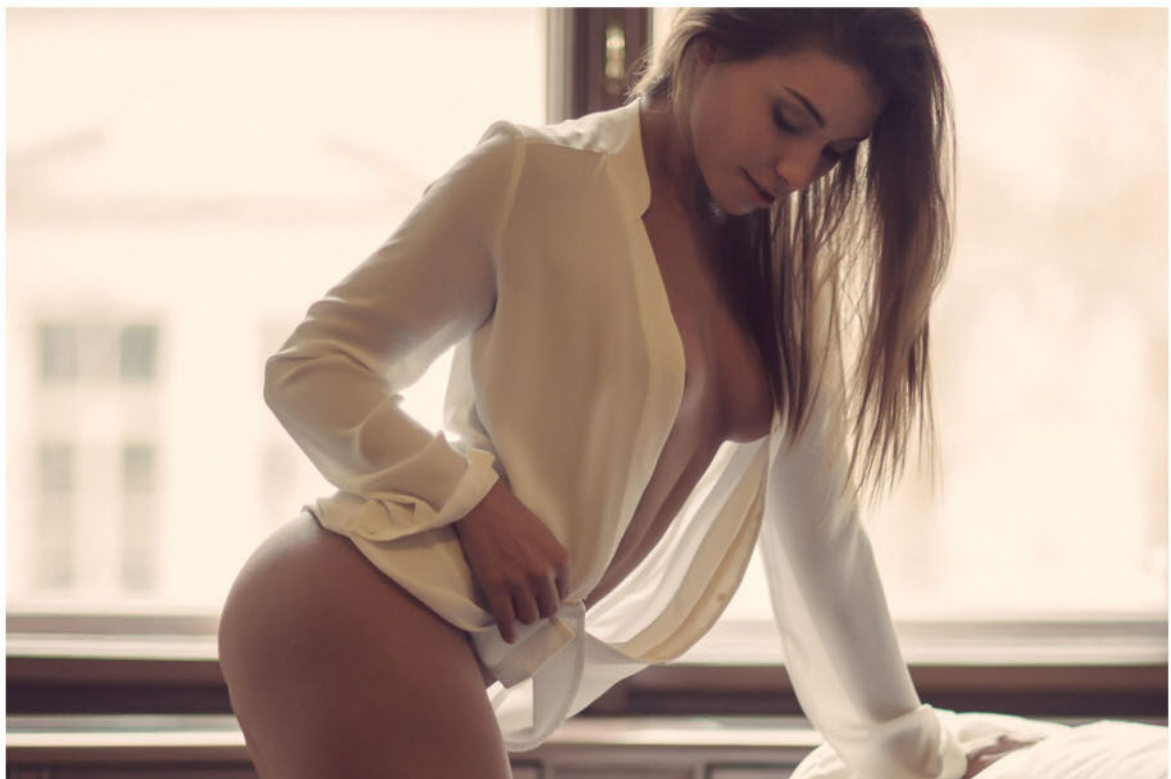
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**AUTUMN
MORNINGS
THOMAS
AGATZ**

MODEL: ANETTA KEYSE



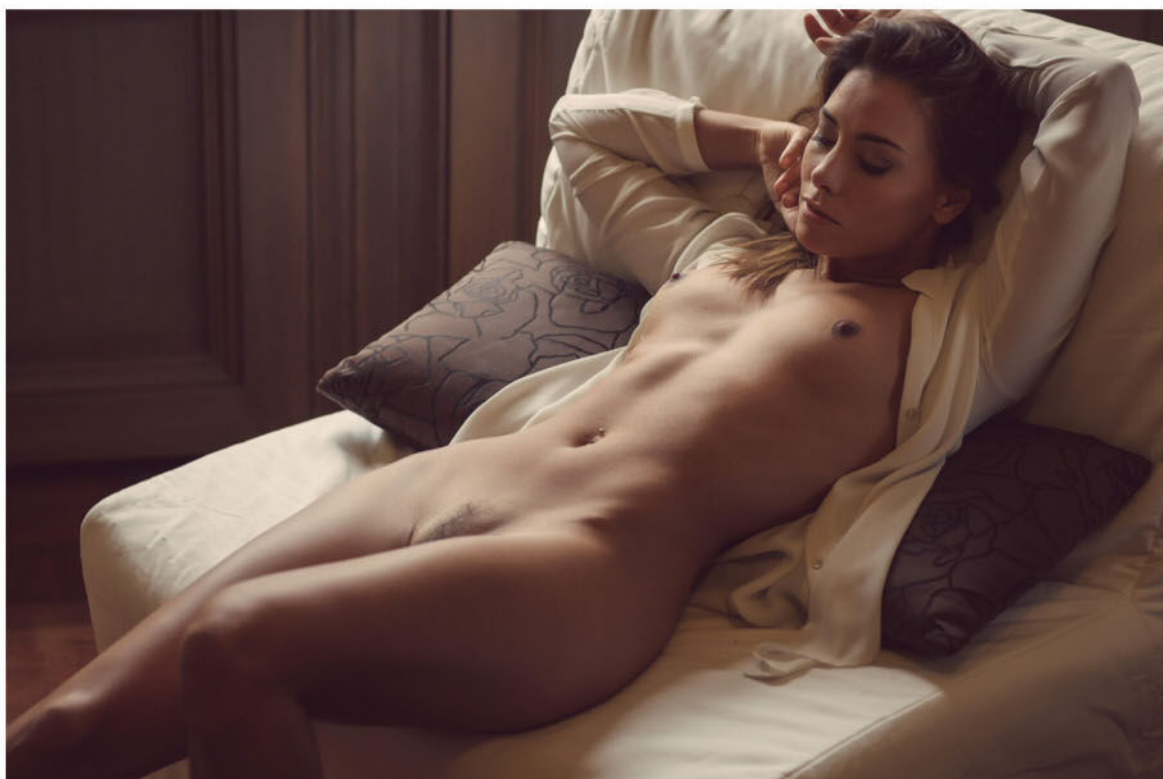
















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HIGH LIFE

100: ALOHA HAWAII

Plan the perfect island getaway for you and your mates



118: SNAP HAPPY

Your guide to the latest and greatest camera gear

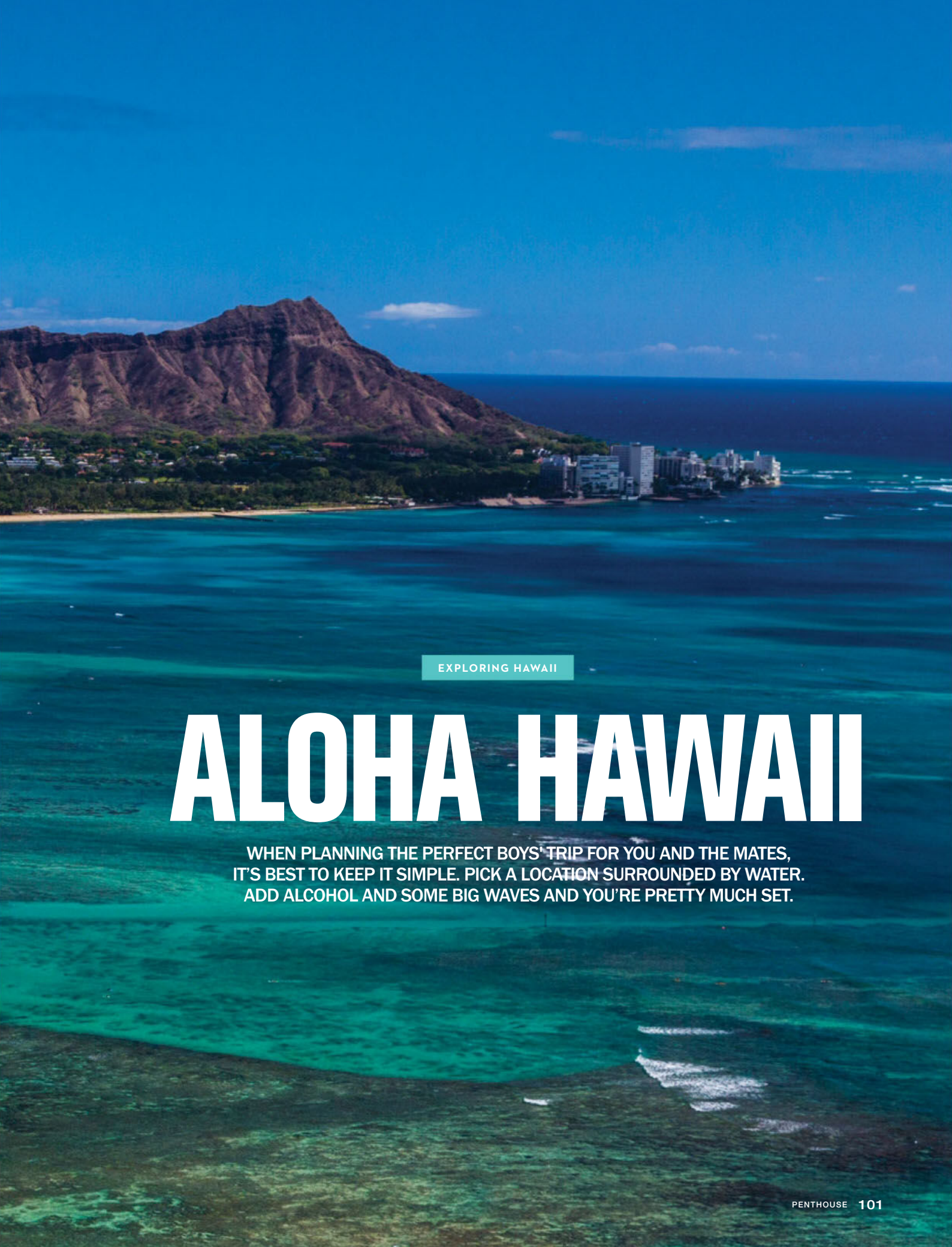


120: TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHY

Aus Geographic photographer Chris Bray gives us his guide to the perfect holiday snaps







EXPLORING HAWAII

ALOHA HAWAII

WHEN PLANNING THE PERFECT BOYS' TRIP FOR YOU AND THE MATES,
IT'S BEST TO KEEP IT SIMPLE. PICK A LOCATION SURROUNDED BY WATER.
ADD ALCOHOL AND SOME BIG WAVES AND YOU'RE PRETTY MUCH SET.



DUKE
KAHANAMOKU
LAGOON



TROPICS
BAR & GRILL

In case you're a flower-in-the-hair novice, first things first. In Polynesian and Melanesian culture, local women wear a flower behind their right ear to display the fact that they are available and place it behind their left ear if they are in a relationship. Foreigners like yourself might not follow this custom while in town, but it's a good sign if a woman you are chatting to has a flower behind her right ear, because a local woman would most likely have given her this tip if she's keen to pick up.

Now to the importance of being surrounded by water while on your holiday.

There are plenty of hotels to settle into on Oahu, but if you want to be right on the beach, and right in the middle of the action, then the Hilton Hawaiian Waikiki Beach Resort is where you want to be. When it's pumping, the entire "village" – which is really a beautifully sprawling town of hotels, shopping centres, restaurants, conference centres, spas and everything else you can think of – hosts around 6000 people. And it's adjacent to Duke Kahanamoku Beach, which was named the #1 beach in America for 2014 in internationally renowned coastal ecologist Dr Stephen Leatherman (Dr Beach)'s annual list.

As if that isn't enough to have you booking yourself into Hawaiian heaven, the resort is home to Duke Kahanamoku Lagoon, a five-acre salt-water lagoon where hoards of women not only swim and paddleboard, but do yoga in their bikinis. Often on their paddleboards. So, despite the fact that you've no doubt set you and your mates up with a full itinerary of dining, drinking, dancing and time to meet women, you know where you need to be at 6 am, don't you? On the lagoon's edge, or lining up with the half-naked ladies to get into some soul-enriching downward facing dog and warrior poses. Nice way to break some ice. You'll also want to be hanging out at the pool, which has a bar and a perfect view of the beach. For dolphin watching, of course.

Water and women spotting positions covered, you'll want to work out which of the suites and rooms is for you, and there's no lack of choice. The Village Towers offers the most affordable lodging (around \$220 a night) and its right in the thick of things. You can pop out your door to a bar in town. For a little more you can stay in the famous Rainbow Tower (it's home to the world's largest ceramic-tile mosaic – 87 metres high by 8 metres wide – on each end of the tower) and have views of the beach and the lagoon. Or, if you want to up the ante you can check in to the Ali'i, the resort's premier beachfront hotel, which has a separate (uncrowded) reception, it's own concierge service, better in-room amenities and it's own private pool, terrace, whirlpool and fitness centre. It's the bomb, so if you want to go rockstar, this is where you stay for about \$400 a night.

When it comes to having a drink or eating out, you really don't need to leave the Village. For authentic Hawaiian cuisine (think BBQ'd fish or chicken with coconut and rice and delicious shrimp dishes), head to Tropics Bar & Grill. They do a mean cocktail and have great beers. There's also live music every night and some hula going on. Or take things up a notch (in the dish sizes as well!) and book into Bali Steak & Seafood, as the steaks are out of this world and the service





FACT FILE

STAY:

HILTON HAWAIIAN VILLAGE WAIKIKI RESORT

Rates start from \$260 for entry level rooms in the Village Towers and start from \$440 for more luxurious rooms in The Ali-I luxury hotel. For \$2,437 a night you can stay in the top of the pops — the All Ocean Front One Bedroom Suite with a separate living room, two bathrooms and balcony looking out over the ocean. hiltonhawaiianvillage.com

EAT:

BALI STEAK & SEAFOOD

Spectacular views of Waikiki Beach and the “Island Harvest Cuisine” focuses on partnerships with local farmers, fishermen and ranchers. Note that although Hawaii is laid back when it comes to attire, some places, such as Bali Steak & Seafood request no T-shirts, casual or swim shorts, tank tops or thongs. hiltonhawaiianvillage.com/dining/bali-steak-and-seafood

BENIHANA

For a fun, special and entertaining night out. After the chef entertains you, indulge in house specialties such as Hibachi Steak, chicken and lobster. hiltonhawaiianvillage.com/dining/benihana

PLAY:

RUMOURS AT ALA MOANA HOTEL

Get into salsa, or watch others swing it on the dance floor on Tuesday nights, and dance all night on Friday and Saturday nights. alamoanahotelhonolulu.com

THE DISTRICT NIGHTCLUB

Super cool and the place to be seen. If you like a good rave, this is it. thedistrictnightclub.com

THE STUDY

At 6 pm every night, a wall of books in the lobby of THE MODERN HONOLULU hotel rotate to reveal a classy cocktail and wine bar. Happy Hour is 6pm—8pm, and there's live music from 8—10pm. themodernhonolulu.com/the-study

RECOVER:

Email staff at Mandara Spa to book your detox treatment: hawaii@mandaraspa.com
mandaraspa.com

is enough to make anyone feel like royalty. It's fine dining, but you can dress casually, as Hawaii is very laid back in general.

At Benihana you can get into some Teppanyaki action, where the knife-wielding performing chefs whip up innovative Japanese dishes at your table. It's more than just a meal—the mesmerising intricate knife-work and the sheer theatrics turn it into a great night out, and there's bound to be groups of women at other tables doing the same thing. Try to catch the food in your mouth, not on your top.

There are four different bars and lounges for downing cold ones, cafes, salad and pizza bars, and practically everything else you might need around the hotels in the surrounding village. But if you want to get out onto a hot and heady dancefloor, then head to Rumours at Ala Moana Hotel. On Tuesdays there's salsa, and on Friday and Saturday night there's a lot of 70s, 80s and 90s tunes going down. It's considered one of the most fun and packed out places to have a big night out.

Or if you're feeling flashy, catch a cab to The District Nightclub, which is Honolulu's latest nightlife experience. It has a VIP area, and you can reserve sections of it if you're willing to fork out – think top DJs and a pumping dance floor. The Study is a more upmarket crowd, and more of a wine bar, if you want to meet women to talk rather than dance your head off.

As with any holiday with the boys, a hangover is sure to regularly rear its head, and the best way to deal with that is to fit some spa time in. The Mandara Spa, onsite, offers Swedish and Hawaiian Lomi Lomi massage, in a spa that has a Balinese-style approach to service. So wake up, get your boardshorts on and pad down to the spa for a revitalising treatment that will set you up for another day in paradise. Yes, there's a detox body wrap, and by the second day, you could probably do with some time in the sauna to sweat out the toxins. ❶



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EXPLORING HAWAII

EDDIE WOULD GO

"THE EDDIE" IS THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS BIG WAVE COMPETITION ON THE PLANET. BUT WHO IS **EDDIE AIKAU** AND WHY ARE THE WORLD'S BEST SURFERS CHARGING 50-FOOT WAVES IN HIS HONOUR?

PHOTO: RIC NOYLE ©



EDDIE AIKAU

LAST year the Eddie Aikau Big Wave Invitational surf comp was held for the first time since 2009 – and only for the ninth time since its inception in 1984. The reason this rare competition has run only nine times in more than 30 years is because of the strict requirements that must be met before organisers give the go-ahead. Namely, the waves in the bay must be a consistent 20 feet by Hawaiian standards. That means the face of the wave is likely to be about 35-40 feet in height, or for the imperially challenged, about 12 metres – think of the height of a four-storey building.

In February last year, as the sun rose over Waimea Bay on the North Shore of the island of Oahu, Hawaii – where Eddie Aikau presided as the first official lifeguard – 30,000 surf fans were treated to a spectacular show. The world's greatest surfers taking on waves of up to 50 feet – the best surf in 40 years according to Clyde, Eddie's younger brother and past winner of the prestigious competition.

But who is Eddie Aikau? And why, during the three-month window from 1 December through to the end of February does everyone on Oahu go nuts for big waves and the phrase “Eddie Would Go”?

Eddie Aikau is really what makes “the Eddie” so unique. Hawaii's revered “waterman” died in 1978 after the Polynesian vessel *Hokulea* capsized in stormy waters. He paddled off on his surfboard to find help for his fellow passengers and was never seen again. This example of selflessness and bravery permeates the prestigious big wave contest.

And that's why for surfers and fans, the Eddie is not just a competition. Sure, it's a chance to see snapped boards, mega-wipeouts and the world's finest big-wave riders tackle liquid giants. But it's also an opportunity to remember the life and achievements of a heroic Hawaiian and celebrate the fraternal spirit that underpins surf culture. In fact, according to Australian surfer Ross Clarke-Jones, “It's not really a contest – it's an event. In a contest, there are always losers, but in this event, there are no losers.”

The life and death of Eddie Aikau

As a young man in the 1960s, Eddie found himself at the centre of a surfing renaissance. For the first time in the sport's history, surfing had hit the mainstream as long-haired board riders became figures in a growing counter-culture movement. Photographers and television broadcasters beamed images of surfers like Fred Van Dyke, Peter Cole and Jose Angel charging monstrous waves on the Hawaiian







EDDIE AIKAU

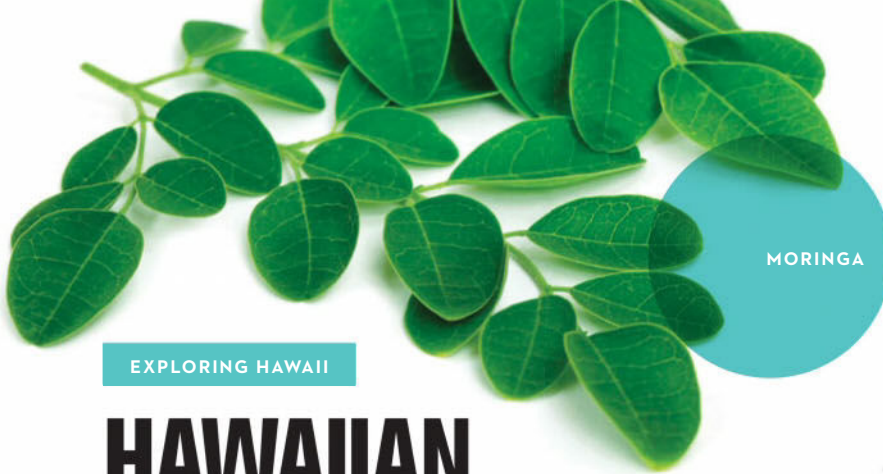
North Shore into living rooms across the mainland, capturing the imagination of American youth. Suddenly surfers were stars. But for Eddie, riding big waves was never about macho posturing or fame. The hardcore waves in Waimea Bay Hawaii were his lifeblood. He was a diver, sailor, lifeguard and surfer: for Eddie, the water was his church.

After making a name for himself competing in big-wave comps through the 60s and 70s, Eddie began drinking heavily to cope with his steadily deteriorating marriage and the heavy, looming shadow of his brother's tragic death. When he heard about an eccentric anthropologist who was reconstructing an ancient Polynesian canoe to prove the trip from Hawaii to Tahiti was possible on a traditional vessel, he signed up for its maiden voyage. This was a time of social change in Hawaii as native people came to discover the truth about the past and their relationship with the blunt force of American imperialism. It was taught at schools that the old royalty of Hawaii peacefully and willingly handed over authority to American plantation owners. Unsurprisingly, this was not the case, and many Hawaiians were eager to regain their lost traditions and sense of heritage. Eddie's relationship with the traditional ways of Hawaii was always strong. His family was proudly Hawaiian,

with bloodlines that ran back to the Kahunas who ruled over the Waimea Bay area. The idea of sailing the traditional way appealed to Eddie, who not only needed an escape from his current situation but still sought out a connection to the past.

It was 1978 when the Hokulea capsized, and Eddie was lost at sea. The epic thirty-day voyage retracing the path of their ancestors, 2500 miles from Hawaii to Tahiti, was cut short by a powerful storm less than ten days in. After the boat capsized, in an attempt to save the crew, Eddie paddled off on his surfboard into the maelstrom and was never seen again. His death sealed his legacy as a symbol of Hawaiian culture – a waterman who was fearless in the ocean and as a hero, who would go to any length to protect his friends. As a lifeguard, if your own life was in danger when a surfer was in trouble, you weren't expected to go out. Eddie would. Thus the saying, "Eddie would go".

The window for "the Eddie" is currently open. By the time this goes to print it will already be over, and if the forces of nature permit, there will be a new champion. If they get the opportunity to sit atop one of those cresting giants in Waimea Bay, the fear and adrenaline coursing through their bodies, the surfers will no doubt be encouraged by the reminder that "Eddie Would Go", no matter what was in his way. ❶



MORINGA

EXPLORING HAWAII

HAWAIIAN SUPERFOODS

TO offset all of the amazing culinary Hawaiian treats and hard liquors you plan to sample while on island time, here are some Hawaiian superfoods to restore some balance.

Spirulina

Harvested in Kona on the Big Island, where there is abundant sunlight, deep sea water and fresh water from aquifers, spirulina is purported to support total health for long life. It's available in the form of tablets or powders, and a protein shake powder, in case you are seriously considering a healthier lifestyle after you return from your vacation.

Noni

What looks like a custard apple with a bad complexion, the Indian noni is a traditional food and medicine in Southeast Asia, India, and the Pacific Islands. Benefits include cancer prevention, liver maintenance, and cardiovascular support and it has antioxidant properties and offers an immune system boost. While it's not famous for its taste, noni can be juiced, which is ideal for blending to mask its unusual flavour.



NONI



SPIRULINA

Moringa

Moringa oleifera is a phytonutrient-rich superfood that comes from the horseradish tree. Grown by Mountain View Farms on Oahu, the plant's health benefits include aiding in cancer prevention and liver protection, as well as controlling diabetes, high blood pressure, and high cholesterol. It also helps to improve cardiovascular health, relieve stomach disorders and boost the immune system. This is a trending food that chefs such as Chris Kajoka of Senia and Wade Ueoka at MW Restaurant are using it in dishes and drinks.

Kava

Also known as *awa* in Hawaii, the root of this plant produces a sedating anaesthetic that has euphoriant and entheogenic properties. Basically, you get high while benefitting from a sense of relaxation. While technically it may not be a superfood, enjoying some kava in a café should be handled with caution, even though you technically cannot get a DUI when driving after consumption. **1**



KAVA



EXPLORING HAWAII

LOCAL ISLAND SPIRITS

HAWAII'S lush landscape offers more than just fine culinary encounters; it presents the perfect environment for producing and distilling a selection of dessert wines and moonshine, among other spirits. Here are a few local tipples worth tasting.

Koloa Rum Co.

The single-batch, craft distilled and bottled rums are handcrafted using the finest sugarcane and Kauai's purest water sources, which have undergone natural slow filtering through layers of volcanic rock before reaching underground aquifers. This results in an individual flavour and mouthfeel worth sipping, or maybe adding to morning coffee.



Hawaiian Shochu Company

Overtaking sake consumption in Japan, this clear spirit is known for its clean and smooth flavour. The shochu from the North Shore of Oahu incorporates locally grown sweet potatoes, which are ideal for their starchy and desiccated virtues. The end product has a clean taste and sweet finish with hints of lychee.

Ocean Organic Vodka

An incredible handcrafted vodka distilled from organic sugarcane and blended with deep sea mineral water. This Maui-grown liquor boasts an amazing purity and depth of flavour in addition to its gluten-free, non-GMO, non-herbicides and non-pesticides attributes. Besides, if it's organic, it has to be healthy. Right? 





THE BLOSSOMING OF CULINARY HAWAII



IN 1991, 12 chefs began Hawaii's first concerted culinary movement, augmenting native and immigrant flavours with European finesse. Supporting local farmers, ranchers and fishermen was integral to their vision and since then a new generation of chefs has infused fresh new ideas and influences into the movement.

One such chef is Chris Kajioaka, who opened Senia with his co-executive chef Anthony Rush, formerly of Fera at Claridge's. Named "xenia" (a play on the ancient Greek concept of hospitality from a time when it was believed gods walked among men), Hawaii's hottest restaurant deftly presents dishes such as bubble and squeak croquettes with smoked egg mousse, a "poke" cracker with

little droplets of soy mixed with agar, "pastrami" beef short rib and a herb dough-baked snapper with Manila clam "bouillabaisse."

The restaurant takes great pride in sourcing locally whenever possible, hailing ingredients from regional farms like Maui Nui Venison, Ho Farms, Hamakua Mushrooms, and Hirabara Farms, where a Caraflex cabbage is grown exclusively for Senia's spectacular charred cabbage dish.

The vision extends to its drinks menu, which incorporates Big Island Brewhaus's Overboard IPA, Kona Coffee Purveyor's Hualalai-estate-grown Kona Reserve coffee, mamaki tea and Big Island Tea's A'a Black Tea, grown on a 400-year-old deposit of volcanic ash on Mauna Loa. **1**





EXPLORING HAWAII

TASTY TRUCKIN'

HAWAIIAN NATIVES WILL TELL YOU THE FOOD TRUCK WAS INVENTED IN HAWAII. AFTER YOU SEE WHAT THEY HAVE ON OFFER, YOU MIGHT EVEN BELIEVE THEM.

WHILE spending a week or so in Hawaii's third biggest island, Oahu, you're going to need to keep some costs down if you plan to fit in all the awesome things to do. So when it comes to eating out, there's no better way to get into the laidback island vibe than to head straight to one of Oahu's many food truck communities.

Nestled in the jungle and never far from the beach (nothing is on Oahu as it's only 960 square km) and only half an hour out of Honolulu in Haleiwa, you'll find one of the coolest gatherings of food trucks, with the oldest and undisputed king of them all— Giovanni's Shrimp Truck. Shrimp is serious business in Hawaii, and if you leave without trying it, well, you're an idiot.

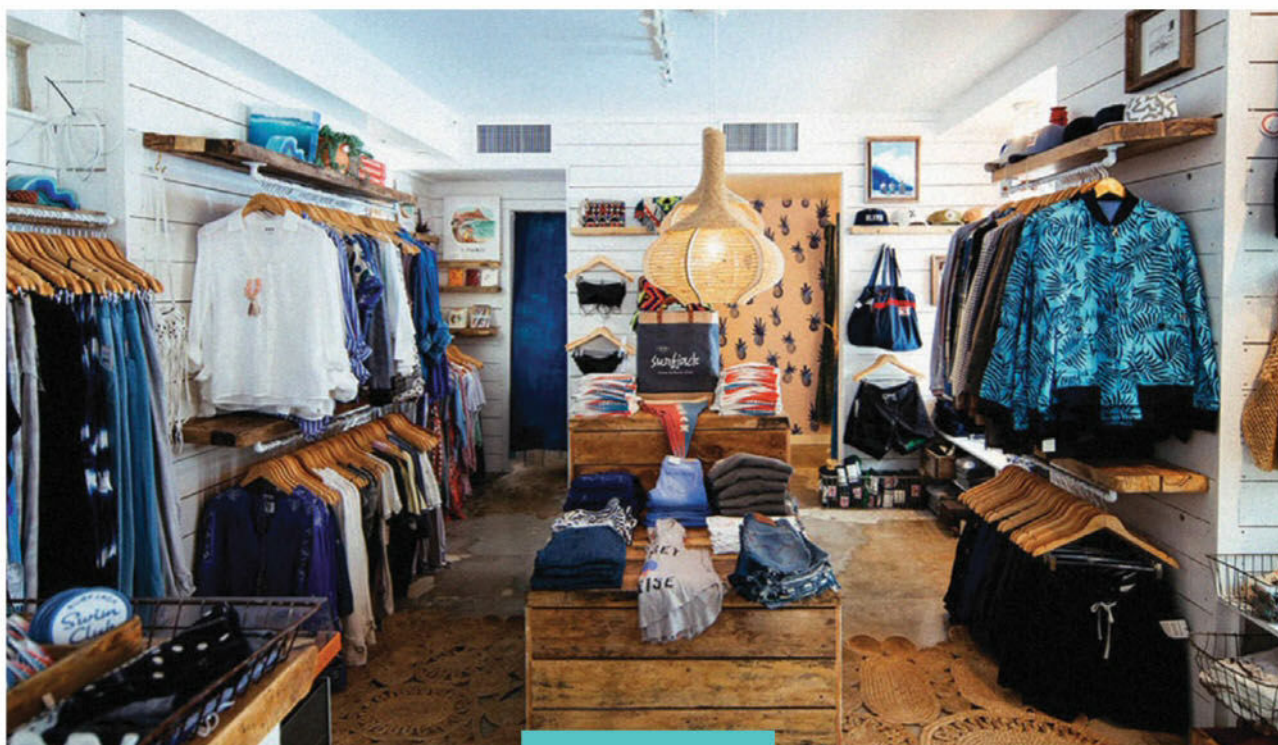
The densely graffitied panels of Giovanni's beloved truck tell some of its colourful history, so it's worth grabbing a seat in the annexed area if you can squeeze yourself in among the crowds. You'll be shoulder to shoulder with loyal local surfers and eager tourists, and you'll need to shoo away the wandering chooks, but that's an experience in itself.

The business started out in 1953 as a converted bread truck without much more than a few recipes for great shrimp. They would drive the truck around Oahu's North Shore where it developed a loyal fanbase, so much so that in 1997 a second truck made its mark on the edge of what was then an overgrown, swampy field in Haleiwa.

All sorts of other food trucks have popped up around it, including Auntie's Lil Green Hut – an organic and gluten-free creperie with salad wraps and freshly made juices, set in a hippie's haven of a jungle garden. There's Thai, Korean BBQ and Mexican options, and offerings of lip-smackingly good BBQ Corn, and a cool, quintessentially Hawaiian dessert: shaved ice. In Aussie language, that's rainbow coloured slushies, and they are a sure-fire way to beat the summer heat and pump up the energy levels.

Take a tour with Hawaii Photo Tours and practice your food photography while on a full or half day tour with the loveable owner, Maria. bluehawaiiphototours.com





EXPLORING HAWAII

HAWAIIAN HAUNTS

WE'RE honing in on the tropical paradise that is Hawaii – and aside from the beaches, cheap drinks and bikini-clad babes, there are a handful of cool-as-hell boutiques focusing on men's style. Here are the one's worth visiting.

MAIN > OLIVER MEN'S SHOP

On a romantic trip with your other half? Head to Kihapai Street, where you'll find Olive Boutique (for women) a short walk from Oliver Men's Boutique (you guessed it, for men). Started by husband-and-wife duo Parker Moosman and Ali McMahon, the offering is all about curated, cool, laidback pieces that you won't be embarrassed to wear back home.

49 Kihapai St, Kailua; oliveandoliverhawaii.com

01 > ROBERTA OAKS

When Roberta Oaks opened her store back in 2004, she only offered womenswear, but after a demand increased

for men's, she expanded the brand's offering. Nowadays, it's her fitted, modern men's Hawaiian shirts that the store is known for by locals and tourists alike. Added cool factor? Last year Urban Outfitters tapped Oaks for a menswear collab, which sold out online and in-store.

19 N Pauahi St, Honolulu; robertaoaks.com

02 > ALOHA BEACH CLUB

This clothing and lifestyle retail concept store (expect hand-made jackets, shirts and pants alongside ankle horn bottle openers and stylish-as-fuck surfing gear) was founded by a couple of Kailua locals. Soon, the store's popularity preceded it, and Aloha Beach Club expanded onto mainland USA with a flagship store in San Diego. The Hawaiian outpost is still worth a visit, especially seeing as it shares quarters with The Local, a café where you can grab a craft soda or a fresh cup of coffee.

131 Hekili St #108, Kailua; alohabeachclub.com ⓘ



01



02

HOW TO DRESS FOR A TROPICAL HOLIDAY WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE AN A★SHOLE

IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY.

DON'T wear an ironic tropical Hawaiian shirt. You'll regret the pictures and never wear it in public again.

DO wear a white or powder blue linen shirt.

DON'T wear a pair of sunglasses you bought at the petrol station on your way to the airport before you left.

DO Invest in a good pair of sunnies – Ray-Bans are good – before you leave.

DON'T wear Southern Cross board shorts. Or Speedos.

DO buy a couple of good pairs of boardies in neutral colours. If you're going to have fun with a print keep everything else low-key.

DON'T get tempted into wearing Birkenstocks. Those things repel women en-masse.

DO wear your old Havaianas – they're classic for a reason.

DON'T wear a leis. Especially if you want to get laid.

DO put effort into your appearance, even if you're on holiday. Women notice these things, remember?

CREDITS:

- 01 > Ray-Ban Clubmaster glasses, \$200
 02 > The Rock's Push board shorts, \$99.95
 03 > Havaianas thongs, \$29.99 ⓘ

RAISING
ARIZONA
(1987)



01



02



03



DSCW800



OM-DE-M10



M10



INSTAX

EXPLORING HAWAII

SNAP HAPPY

IN the age of Instagram and Snapchat we all know that if you didn't get a good picture of it, it didn't really happen. Put the iPhone away and embrace the art of the camera – whether that's a state-of-the-art new school one or something that harkens back to the good ol' days.

FUJIFILM INSTAX

> \$89

The Fujifilm Instax is the OG of travel cameras: Polaroids you can keep forever. The downside? You can only take ten pictures at a time and boxes of film can take up a lot of room and end up being expensive.

SONY DSCW800

> \$129

Not particularly fussed about a state-of-the-art camera? Don't bother spending an arm and leg on it then. This silver Sony number is one of the best on the market for under \$150 – and it can take a mild battering while you're on the go.

OLYMPUS OM-DE-M10,

> \$899

Looks old-school, but with all the bells and whistles of a 21st-century camera – this is what we call the best of both worlds. If you want to try the "photographer" label on for size, experiment with the multiple lenses.

LEICA M10 BLACK CHROME FINISH

> \$9,700

Leica is one of the few camera brands left on the market selling models that shoot on actual film – so it's no surprise that even their highest-tier digital cameras draw on old-school photography techniques. The dimensions and ergonomics are the same as their film models, but the range, sharpness and resolution all compete with the industry's best.

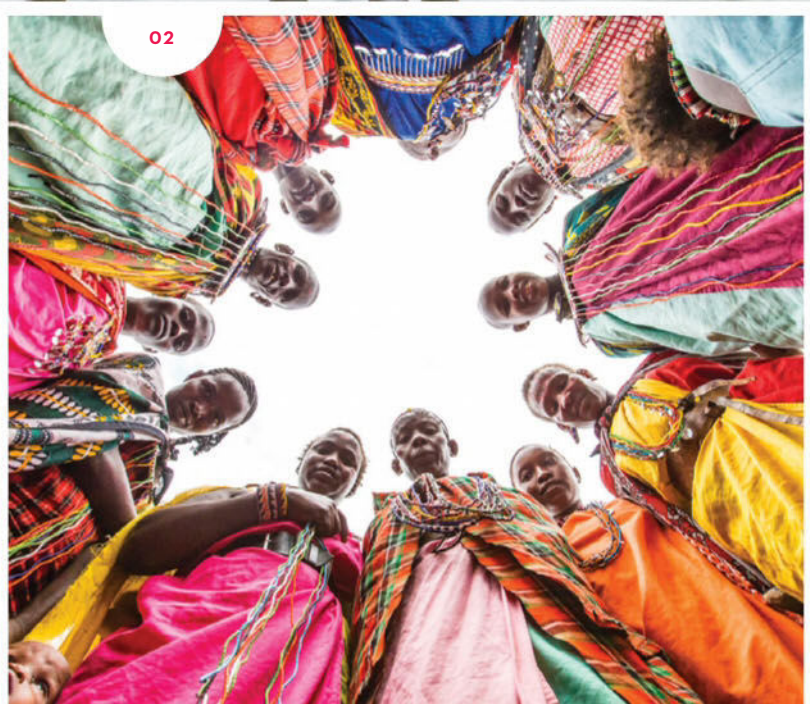
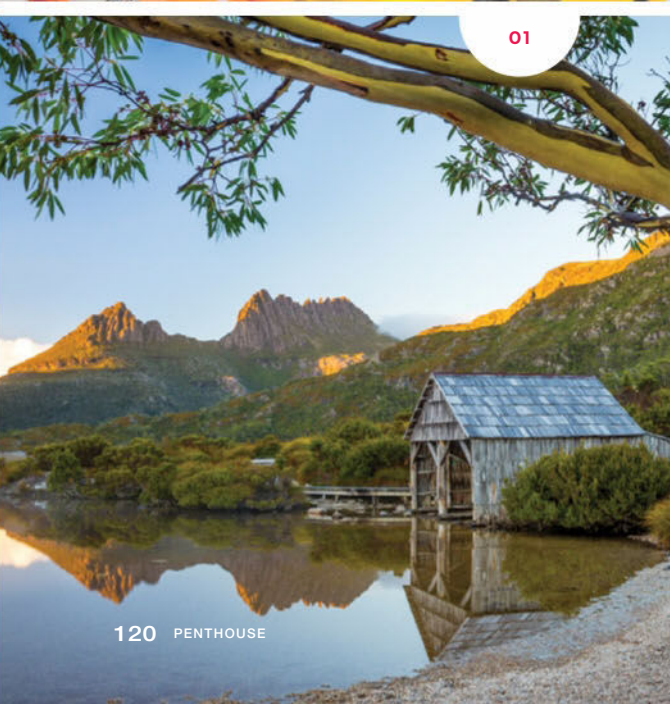
CANON EOS 1DX MARK II

> \$8,799

Serious snappers need only apply. This baby is built to be built upon; it's the base for all the additional lenses, tripods and filters your heart desires. It's an investment piece, so do your homework, but it's one of the best on the market. **1**



EOS 1DX
MARK II





HOW TO

5 STEPS TO TERRIFIC TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHY

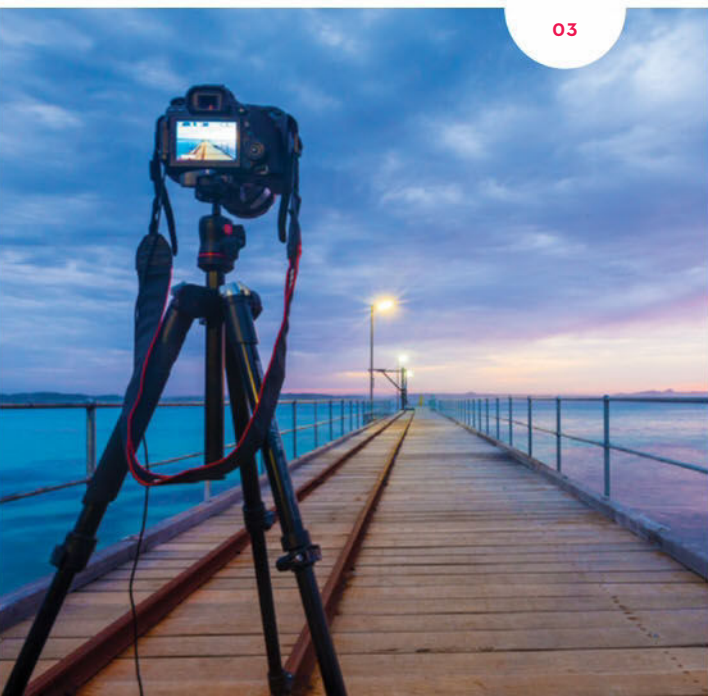
CHRIS Bray is an award-winning adventurer and photographer who grew up sailing around the world and leading remote arctic expeditions before starting up luxury, small-group tours to photograph the most amazing wildlife, landscape and cultural experiences on Earth. Perpetually travelling, we managed to catch Chris at an airport just long enough to ask for his top five tips for taking better travel photos. Better than that, he gave us a recipe!

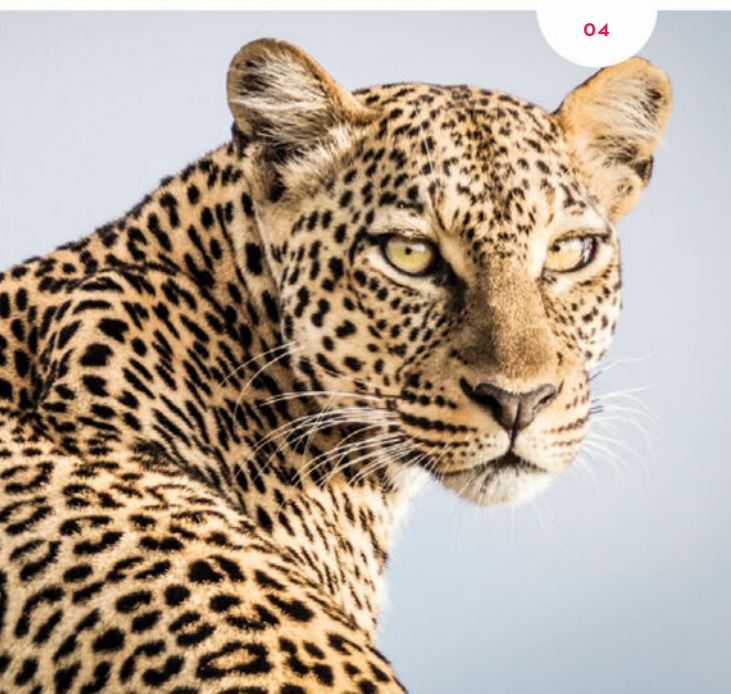
01/ Get Inspired: Google Image search wherever it is you're going before you get there, and you'll immediately find hundreds of great example photos revealing all the best views, vantage points and interesting features you might want to visit. Popping into a local photography gallery on arrival can also be a great source of inspiration. Sure, we're all looking for our own unique shots – and I'm not suggesting you copy someone else's – but doing some homework like this can be a great way to fast-track you to the right locations and give you some initial ideas from where you can then let your own creativity flow.

02/ Anything but Eye-Level: Ok so you're on location, and you've found your subject. Don't spoil it now by just capturing the same eye-level scene that everyone else sees standing there. Find an interesting perspective for a more creative shot. Climb on something for a higher view, or crouch down low to shoot upward or maybe even find a cool reflection from a puddle. Normal is boring!

03/ Composition: Yes, bizarre new angles are great, but some basic composition laws still apply! Think about your "Rule of Thirds" (Don't always just plonk your subject or the horizon in the middle. Divide your shot into thirds – both vertical and horizontal – and organise your photo onto these lines – ideally put key parts right on the intersection of those lines) and "Leading Lines" (Lines flowing into your shot help guide the viewer's eye through your photo – try to find them, and position these leading lines to slide in through the corners). Frame it up nicely and then...

03



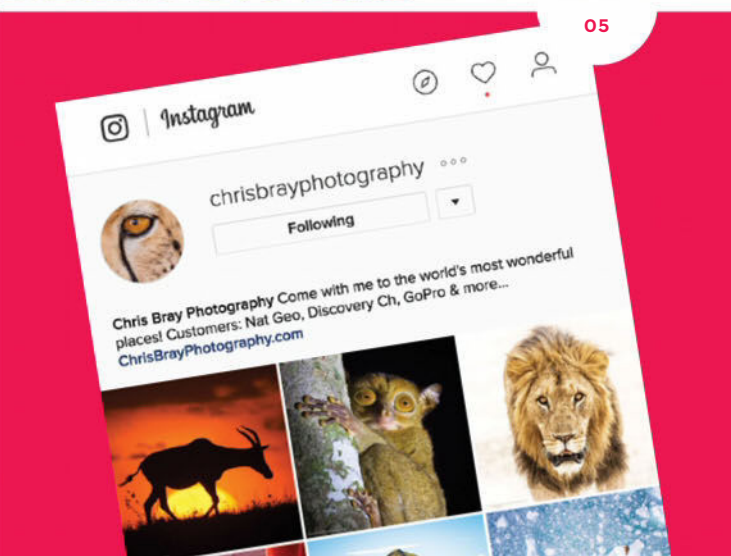


‘ DON'T SPOIL IT NOW BY CAPTURING THE SAME EYE- LEVEL SCENE THAT EVERYONE ELSE SEES STANDING THERE ’

04/ Check your Background: Although technically still "composition" this point is honestly so important – and ruins so many photos – that it deserves it's own heading! Just before you take the shot, glance into the background of your photo and nine times out of ten you'll realise it's a mess of awkward colours, lines, shadows and distractions. Simply shifting a little one way or the other, you can usually find a clean, contrasting-coloured background that your subject will really stand out against. It's so easy to do and makes such a difference – but if you don't look for it first, you won't see it until later!

05/ Spread the Love: *Click* Congrats! Having followed steps one to four, you've just nailed the perfect, creative, well-composed shot (with a flawless background). What now? Share it! Show your friends – show the world! Pop it on Facebook and Instagram, write a little story and don't forget to include the #hashtag of the local tourism body and any other relevant groups with a decent following – who knows, if they share it, you might suddenly find yourself connected to an outpouring of love and new followers! You're Instafamous! I wouldn't quit your day job though! 📌

Check out Chris's extraordinary website at www.ChrisBrayPhotography.com which includes free tutorials and photography course videos, and enjoy his photos on Instagram at @ChrisBrayPhotography.



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04/17

CIAO BELLA! LEONARDO GLAUSO

Leonardo Glauso is an Italian photographer based in Milan. His work is simple, playful and raw. In this shoot he teams up with Arianna in a stripped back setting that allows the model's natural beauty to shine through in each shot.

MODEL: ARIANNA











04/17







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PHOTO ESSAY

EXTREME DESTINATION

WHEN we first stumbled across Chris' photography, it was the silhouette of Danny MacAskill standing atop an impossibly steep mountain peak, bike in hand, that caught our attention. We knew we had found what we were looking for. Let Chris' photos take you on a journey, then go buy a plane ticket somewhere. Chris is a multi-award winning filmmaker, photographer and sound designer. See his services and work at www.darksky-media.com 

















CULTURE

NYCHOS

Where are you right now?

I'm currently in Hawaii, taking a break and finding new inspirations.

On a scale of one to 10, how weird are you?

11.

Where's your favourite place to travel in the world?

There have been so many amazing places, and I keep traveling to new fantastic ones. One of my favourites would be the Bay Area in California. It's always great to go back there – it has become my second home over the past few years.

What are you not very good at?

Playing air guitar. I am a better air drummer.

You grew up looking at skeletons and dead animals; which animal has the most interesting anatomy?

Yes, I grew up in a hunter's family so dead animals and skeletons were pretty normal for me. I think all animals have a really interesting anatomy, as well as humans. But I have also been fascinated with dinosaurs since I was a child. Maybe because they existed way before our time and never made it to being a hunting trophy in my family's collection.

What project are you working on now, and what's next for Rabbit Eye Movement?

I'm currently working on some projects for Australia, I will be coming back there to paint some walls and workshops. I also have a solo exhibition at *Juddy Roller Gallery* in Melbourne at the end of February/beginning of March. There is a lot planned for *Rabbit Eye Movement* in 2017, which I am excited about to starting on once I am back in Vienna, after Australia. However, we don't want to spill too much for now. Stay tuned.

What makes your art stand out?

The way I display the characters I paint. It hasn't been done by many before me. The different styles of taking them apart and showing what's inside them freaks some people out but it's my way of honouring them.

What's the longest you've ever spent working on a piece and what was it?

The Vienna Therapy piece is the biggest one so far. It's a 10-foot, 3D sculpture of Sigmund Freud and his couch that I designed for a commission for the Vienna Tourism board. We put it together in San Francisco and it was brought to New York for it's first display. The whole process and the people involved made it to one of the biggest I have worked on. For those who can't imagine it right now, the sculpture will be on display in Melbourne, March 8th–12th at Federation Square. I hope to see you there!

Who in the creative community is doing some amazing stuff that we should check out?

There are a lot of amazing artists out there right now and I really don't want to put anyone down by not mentioning them. When it comes to people I've recently worked with I'd definitely say check out DXTR The Weird and Lauren YS. Both of them are good friends of mine and are currently working on great new things. 





DEADLY OCEANS

MEET NICK AND CAROLINE ROBERTSON-BROWN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO SHARE A LOVE OF WILD CREATURES

Do you pinch yourself on a daily basis?

Absolutely, we really do have to pinch ourselves on a regular basis. We appreciate that we have one of the best jobs in the world, traveling around the world photographing beautiful marine life and jaw-dropping reefs, even if our schedules are sometimes punishing.

Which creature do you find most impressive as a predator?

We both love sharks. They have evolved to become perfect predators, with amazing and various adaptations for finding their prey. Some live for hundreds of years, some inhabit incredibly deep water and others, like the Basking & Whale Sharks have huge mouths and no teeth, swallowing tons of zooplankton to stay alive. Caroline's favourite are the bizarre, yet amazingly graceful Hammerhead Sharks. Nick, on the other hand is a huge fan of the Tassled Wobbegong, which hides beneath the sand or amongst the coral and strikes with lightning speed; a true ambush predator.

From all the oceans you've visited,



which ocean is the *deadliest*?

The tropical warm waters of the coral triangle seem to hold a host of deadly marine life – and whilst most are not particularly dangerous to us humans, for the other fish on the reef it may be another story altogether. It is really hard to say which is the deadliest, as every ocean has its own story, with winners and losers in the predator/prey game, as well as surviving the wrath of nature when the wind and the waves can destroy anything in its path.

Did you guys run into any trouble while shooting the book?

One time a Hammerhead Shark got tangled up in Nick's camera system; fortunately both Nick and the shark stayed calm and it was soon all sorted! 🐾

Deadly Oceans, by Nick and Caroline Robertson-Brown, is out now.

RRP: \$65.00

Format: Hardback

Perfect for a gift or an outstanding coffee table book.



CULTURE

DAVID COLLIER

What are you trying to achieve with your photography?

I like to tell a story with my images and aim to evoke emotion in the viewers. I want to give a sense of realness and make them feel like they're there.

You like to recreate relatable, everyday scenes. Where did this fascination come from?

I think this has evolved over the past couple of years; I aim to capture a certain candidness and honesty in my images that occur in everyday environments and surrounds.

Where is your favourite place to travel?

I have been fortunate to travel to many countries over the past few years. I really love Cambodia, the people, the city and country areas are quite varied from jungle to southern beaches. Cambodia's had a very hard past but the people are very resilient and super friendly. It is also still relatively untouched by tourists.

You have a fascination with the 70's...

I like the idea of nostalgia, and times when life was less complicated; without electronics, mobile phones and social media. I shoot a lot of 35mm film as well as work with a lot with vintage brands so it really lends itself to the style and look.

What's next?

Plenty of more shoots, both personal and paid client work. Seeing my short film Conscious follow the world film festival circuit (it has had multiple acceptances to date). More travel and good times, as always. 

Insta: @DavidCollier

Web: www.DavidCollier.com.au





FLASHBACK

TOMBOY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Vol 4 No 8 / July 1983

Model: Sue Francis

Photographer: Chris Dickson

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